Vol. CXXII.—No. 1583] APRIL 17, 1934

The BYSTANDER

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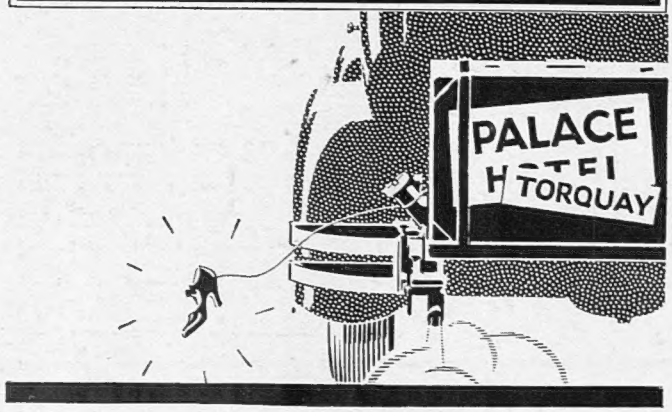
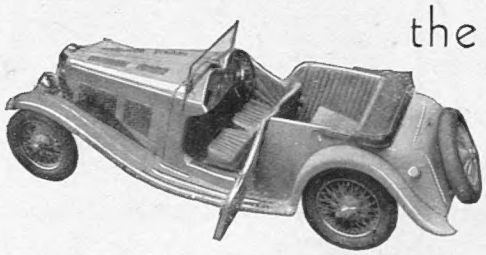


"FLOAT-ON-AIR" and the A.C.



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The Bystander, April 17, 1934

No. 1583. Vol. CXXII.

The BYSTANDER

Bassano

LADY VERONICA HORNBY AND HER DAUGHTER

Lady Veronica Hornby's daughter, Mariette, who is so very like her, is getting on for two years old; she was born a year after her mother's marriage to Mr. Anthony Hornby in 1931. Lady Veronica is the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava's only sister; her daughter is a year younger than her small cousin, Lady Caroline Blackwood. The Hornbys have a house in Chesham Place

"They Knew a Little Latin, and

Above, left: Captain Ian Macalpine, the Hon. Mrs. Macalpine, the Hon. Mrs. Clive Martyn, and the Hon. John Bethell at Monseigneur. Mrs. Macalpine and Mrs. Martyn are Mr. Bethell's sisters; their father is Lord Bethell

Above, centre: Mr. Jack Dunfee, who was at the Monseigneur with Miss Benita Hume, sitting with Lady Warwick and Mr. Alan Vincent in the "undressed" reservation

Left: the Hon. William Bethell, Lord Bethell's younger son, and Miss Joan Pickering on the balcony at the Café de Paris, listening to Marion Harris singing her specialities

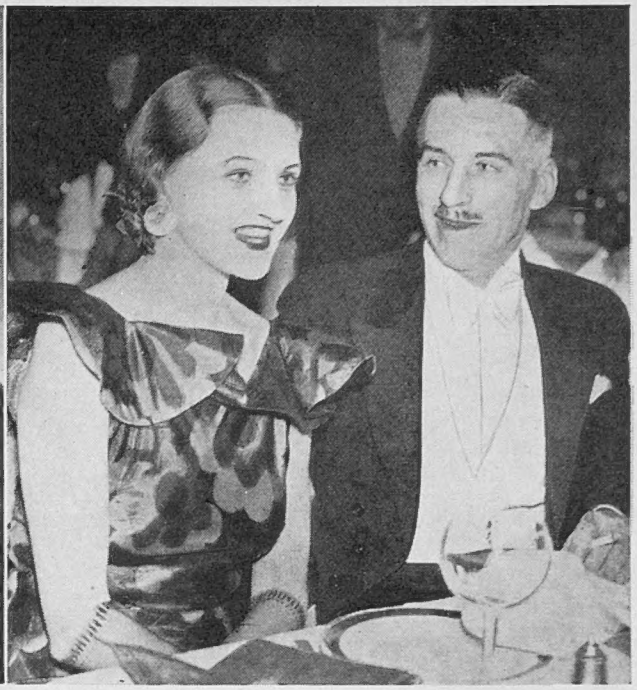
Swaebe

Sasha

Above: Fräulein Birawer, who has helped Max Reinhart with many of his productions in Germany, and Lord Donegall were dining at the Bon Viveur on the re-opening gala night with which the new spring decorations there were celebrated

Left: Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe took Miss Tallulah Bankhead to the first night of "Three Sisters," at Drury Lane, a couple of nights after her return to England from Hollywood. She is over for a holiday. We gather that, quite soon, we may see her with her hair a bit shorter

Tallulah Goes to a First Night



Knew a Little Greek", and They All Heard the Song at Monseigneur

Swaebe

Sir Hugh Smiley and his wife, Lady Smiley, were also seen at Monseigneur during the last week of the Yacht Club Boys' song-singing, which packed the place to its last capacity every night of their "season"

Mrs. Claude Leigh, wearing taffeta and with flowers in her hair and mittens on her hands, was at Monseigneur on the same night, and was having supper in a party which included Mr. Alec Roberts

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

A Party at a Country House

Swaebe

Lady Patricia Ward, Lord Dudley's sister, Lady Dufferin and Ava, Countess Munster and her son, Peter, at the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Ward's Gloucestershire place, Horton. Mrs. Ward's husband, who died in 1930, was Lord Dudley's uncle. Countess Munster, her eldest daughter, married Count Paul Munster in 1929

As a comparative stranger to London, after a week of Le Touquet and Paris, it should have been pleasant to return to see the "gay faces and brilliantly-dressed throng" which assembled at our home of drama, Drury Lane, for the first night of *Three Sisters*. Let no one muddle them up with Chekov's cheery girls, or those white little lilies, the daughters of M. Dupont. Goodness knows where these came from. Victoria Hopper, with Basil Dean and Sydney Carroll watching over her performance as shepherds do their lambs, trilled away like a schoolgirl singing carols, reminding one of Little Goody Two-Shoes. "Three weeks 'Whigham-ing' is what she needs," murmured a Mayfairer. In other words, he thought that "our Margaret" could teach her a thing or two about how to present herself. Tallulah Bankhead was there, escorted by Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe. The gallery-girls all shouted with glee, but surely not because they want to see her act? It was always her "glamorous personality" which was a more potent lure than her acting. And with regard to the former quality, one will have to see if that has waned with the passing of years.

Mr. Jack Joel had a large party in his box; Fred Astaire and his wife were seeing their last play before leaving for Hollywood; Charles B. Cochran discoursed with Mr. "Mossy" Myers upon the merits of food in Brussels; Sir Francis Towle and Lady Towle were celebrating their thirty-third wedding anniversary, and found the cabaret turn at the May Fair, an American wise-cracker, Vic Oliver, more amusing than the humour that night at "the Lane."

Just across the road the workmen were still busy in Covent Garden, where Mr. Geoffrey Toye is having a good sweep-up with a nice new broom. There are new bars, lounges, scenery, and dresses—let us hope that they have got a little bit larger leopard-skin for Melchior to wear as Siegfried. The opening of the Opera season on April 30 promises to be more brilliant than ever—already nearly all seats, and boxes, too, are sold out for *The Ring*.

I have received a typically Mrs.-Claude-Beddington-ian invitation, to a party on Thursday, which, she says, "Ought to surprise even the most

Benita Hume, who was in a party with the Barnatos at the Café de Paris, was sketched from the balcony. She was wearing an ice-blue dress, with a high neck and long, bishop sleeves, and a snood of flowers to match

Marion Harris (the inimitable), who is singing at the Café de Paris

Mrs. John Spencer, wearing a tiny hat and stiff veil, and draped in furs, was at the re-opening of Jack's Club, in Orange Street, which is now gay and smart and shining, with green-painted walls

Mrs. André Lierneux having supper at the Embassy, in a red chiffon dress which set off her blonde attractiveness very nicely, and the newest kind of ruched shoulder-cape

GOING OUT TO

"The Bystander"

sophisticated audience—the spring garden should look lovely illuminated." Oh, Wordsworth, where are thy daffodils? Another donor of carefully-worded invitations is Dennis Anthony Bradley, who said "that he would like to see your nice face again at his cocktail-party."

JOTTINGS from near and far tell me that Mr. Frazier Jelke, the American stockbroker, who has an office in London, has returned after a trip to Kenya. This time he has his son and daughter-in-law with him. Mr. "Eddy" Eily is due back almost at once in his palatial suite at Claridge's. The Yacht Club Boys, who have returned to New York after colouring the Monseigneur well on the night-club map, have presented to Mr. "Eddie" Tatham a very nice line in gold watches. He was responsible for their visit here, fixing it up in "Jack and Charley's" bar. The Ambassadors in Paris opens to-night. This is where all Paris flocks, especially on a Friday. And they all look so awfully pleased with themselves, because, for once, they put on a white tie in the evening. Mr. "Pat" Balfour has returned to England, having motored to India through Afghanistan, a longish spin, one can imagine: a book will follow in due course. Schiaparelli, who recently broke a bone in her foot by tripping over a fender, told me of a Russian Easter Party, given in Paris by Mme. de Mazzucchi: the guests all went to church first, until midnight. Goodness knows what they did after that.

WHENEVER Poulsen gets short of a good cabaret turn at the Café de Paris he at once cables to Marion Harris. She has to be scratched from all other engagements, and run only in the Poulsen stakes. At present she is doing this, helped by Roy Fox, who is a very dangerous golfer off his handicap of eighteen.

TAIL-coats seen in the Ritz at luncheon time denote the presence of diplomats, or a wedding. After the Eldon wedding at the Oratory it was full of them, amongst which one noticed that of Mr. Errol Holmes, who is to captain Surrey this year. Which reminds us that the Australians are almost here, and that for the next three months the papers will be full of little but cricket, with the possible exception of a few charity balls. The portly Viscount, Castlerosse, in *Valentine's Days*, which, from his pen, could have no other fate than to be brilliantly amusing, once attended one of these functions: "During the supper a race-card was put in my hand, and I was delighted to see that the first item was 'Miss Olga Lynn's Past.' Imagine my disappointment when I discovered that it only featured some dresses of the past, as arranged by Miss Olga Lynn." And he continues, "First of all, the course was cleared by a man who looked just like Mr. Claud Levita blown up with a bicycle pump."

His advice to débutantes is to study flattery. All the successful women in the world have been mistresses of this art. Let us hope he will not depart into a monastery, like Arthur Chaplin, of the illuminated manuscript fame. For he says, "I believe that the only mortals who attain happiness are the truly religious—and when I am in my home in Ireland I visit the nuns and monks in convents and monasteries which flourish around Killarney." Leaving the local Lilies to wilt and fade away, I fear.

TO-NIGHT all the film "fans" will be in Curzon Street again, to see the much-discussed *Morgenrot*, which has its première at the Curzon. It is a German film, all about U-boats and Q-ships, and was to have been shown last year, but was held up at the last minute. By report it 's well up to that intelligent standard the Curzon management have set themselves.

And talking of charity balls, there 's one to-morrow that offers a more original entertainment than most—the Fencing Ball, at the Savoy, in aid of the Bow Road Working Boys' Club. It leads off with an international fencing display, with English, French and Belgian champions showing their dangerous-looking skill. This will be very well worth seeing, and separate tickets can be bought for it, as well as joint ball-and-display ones.

MR. PEEPS

GOINGS-ON (Continued)

in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Earl Beatty himself, the donor of the Challenge Cup that Tom Walls, Jr., won, in the paddock at Aldershot

Tom Walls at the Aldershot Meeting, where he saw his son win Earl Beatty's Challenge Cup on that good horse Crafty Alice

Woman to Woman

IRELAND was a very popular place to go to for the Easter holidays; there are two first-class race meetings to fit into the week-end—Phœnix Park on the Saturday and Fairey House on Easter Monday. Everybody who was anybody locally took house-parties to both. A whole mass of Guinnesses and Plunkets turned up. Mr. Philip Kindersley, who brought his wife, had a ride round at Fairey House, but he wasn't quick enough off the mark at the start, so failed to do any good. Lord Milton brought Lady Milton with him, dressed in bright dark blue, and all her relations. Lord Castlerosse wasn't missing, either. Mr. and Mrs. "Ginger" Wellesley were another couple, he looking more like a burglar than ever. Captain George Barker brought his Glen Urquhart check suit and overcoat, without which we feel we should fail to recognise him. Lady McCalmont, that well-known figure, came with her son, Major Dermot McCalmont, and his wife, Lady Helen. Lord and Lady Dumfries were staying with the latter's parents. Both Lady Dumfries and her father, Lord Granard, had horses running, but neither were in the money.

Since we returned to London there has been nothing but an orgy of weddings. At least a dozen Mayfair maidens have been brides. One was Miss Joan Ogilvie-Grant, daughter of Lord Strathspey, who collected some original wedding presents as well as useful ones. Among the former were some plum-trees (we hope they bear fruit) and plants for the garden, and amongst the latter a dog-basket.

Miss Cecilia Keppel and Mr. David McKenna did better than most of us in the wedding-present line. A 'appy 'ome on 'Ampstead 'Eath; a motor-car to go away from it in, and a grand piano to play to each other on in their spare time from Mr. and Mrs. Reginald McKenna; the most lovely Aubusson carpet ever seen, from the bridegroom's aunt and uncle, Colonel and Mrs. Bernard Freyberg; and last, but by no means least, a cheque for £1000 from a real friend, Mr. Dudley Docker. Call that nothing.

LORD O'Neill took his sister, Miss Mary O'Neill, to the altar church when she married Mr. Derick Gascoigne, and Lady Annabel Dodds, her mother, dressed in blue and white, gave her away. The bride looked lovely in a striped white satin dress and wore the pearl necklace Lord Crewe had given her. His daughter was one of the bridesmaids. Lady O'Neill was there in grey with silver fox furs wound round her, looking as attractive as ever. Lady Jean MacDonald was busy answering enquiries about her husband's health. They went to Africa for their honeymoon, but had no luck as he was taken ill practically as soon as they got there. Apropos getting married, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke have just bought a new aeroplane of the very latest type and sold the one they got engaged in. Best of luck to the buyer!

Other people we have seen since we returned from our Easter holiday are Lord Westmorland, taking a bit of time off during "shop hours" (he 's now in Garrard's), walking about Clubland whistling to himself; (2) Count Jackie de Pret, in a pale grey suiting and no overcoat, in the same vicinity, obviously thinking that if Spring isn't here it ought to be; (3) Mrs. Dudley Ward lunching tête-à-tête with the Marquise de Casa-Maury at the Ritz; (4) Lady Mount Temple, in navy blue and blue fox fur at a point-to-point.

AT Monseigneur the other night we saw Mr. Philip Kindersley and Lady Brougham and Vaux, with Mrs. Vyvyan Drury, Mr. Jack Dunfee and Miss Benita Hume, who wore a long bottle-green velvet cloak, attached on the shoulders with two emerald and diamond clips; Lord and Lady Warwick at separate tables in the same restaurant; Mrs. Claude Leigh, with roses in her hair; and Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley, the latter swathed in silver foxes and wearing those lovely aquamarines of hers.

MRS. PEEPS

Mr and Mrs. John Mason listening to the Yacht Club Boys singing the last of their songs at Monseigneur. Mrs. John Mason is in black velvet and silver fox. Behind, and just as amused at the song, are Lord Warwick and Fred Astaire

A Racing Reverie: By "Regular"

Good Days at "The Park" and Northolt

Mr. and Mrs. Raphael watching a race from the roof of their car at the Old Berkeley Point-to-Point, which was held at Kimble, Aylesbury

Right: Miss Violet de Worms, Mr. Henry Carden, Sir Frederick Carden's only son, and Miss Joan Miller at the Aldershot race meeting

The Aldershot Meeting

LAST Saturday we went to the Park. Those of you who live in the outer suburbs and in far-away places, like Newmarket, may enquire "What Park?" but to the Cockney racegoer there is only one Park, and that is Alexandra, or, as the faster set insist on styling it—"Ally Pally."

THREE days stand out in my life as red-letter days, days I will remember all my life: the day I left the Army; the day when, going to post in a Bumper race, a short-sighted old lady mistook me for Lord Carnarvon; and the day I was elected a member of Alexandra Park.

I WAS present at a moving little ceremony last Saturday, when Sir Humphrey de Trafford broke the glad news to Lord Valentia that our ranks had been strengthened by the election of his Lordship. Proposed by Sir Humphrey and, I understand, seconded by Sir William Cook, the whole thing had gone through without a hitch, and on payment of £5 12s. 6d. his Lordship became the possessor of yet another little gold medal to hang on his race-glasses, and also a most becoming brooch of the same material to be worn by a lady, should he desire to be thus accompanied.

As a clubman of many years standing, I flatter myself I can always detect a new member. While his expression denotes unfeigned delight at his election, with its consequent social advancement, there is, nevertheless, a certain shyness in his manner as the result of his unfamiliar surroundings.

FORTUNATELY for Lord Valentia, his old friend, the Hon. Francis Egerton, was present to show him round and make him feel at home, while pointing out the celebrated beauty spots—the two bars, the cloak-room, and the stand from which Major Weyland watches the races, to mention just three of the gems of architecture of which we members of the Park are most proud.

MENTION of Mr. Egerton's name reminds me that, although he is a pillar without which our beloved club (hat's off, all true Sahibs) would tremble to its foundations, there is no truth in the rumour that the first race is not permitted to take place until he has backed the favourite.

THE meeting was made memorable by the Royal victory of Protomartyr, in the colours of Lord Harewood. With the possible exception of Ascot his Lordship would sooner win a race on this course than any other, named, as it is, after the late grandmother of the Princess Royal, and with its numerous Royal associations.

SPEAKING from a purely selfish point of view, the victory of Mr. Chris Jarvis's Knighted, in the two-year-old seller, gave me almost as much pleasure (Mrs. Vernet having laid me 5 to 1 about an 11 to 4 chance). Mrs. Beatty, who obviously shares her husband's affection for platers, would dearly have liked to take him back to Newmarket with her, but Mr. Jarvis simply couldn't bear to part with him.

I OFTEN think that our love for horses is one of our most sterling characteristics as a nation, and as an animal-lover myself I can picture Mrs. Beatty's disappointment at not getting the sleek-coated, friendly beast she had set her heart on.

AT the same time, I can sympathise with Mr. Jarvis, who had watched Knighted grow from a tiny foal, very likely feeding it with his own hand when it outgrew the sustenance provided by its devoted mother, and although he would not let such material things as having backed him down from 5 to 1 to "Can't offer Knighted," I think he had very good reason for wanting him back.

I AM, as my readers know, an old-fashioned little thing, and I regard any sort of innovation with keen suspicion, and when pony racing was first started, I was loudest in my condemnation of it.

To my shame, I must admit that, save because it was new and I thought, consequently, it must be nasty, and further that I was not quite clear what sort of ponies would be raced, I had nothing against it. Now I have become a pony-racing fan, and I go to Northolt whenever I possibly can, and I have the time of my life.

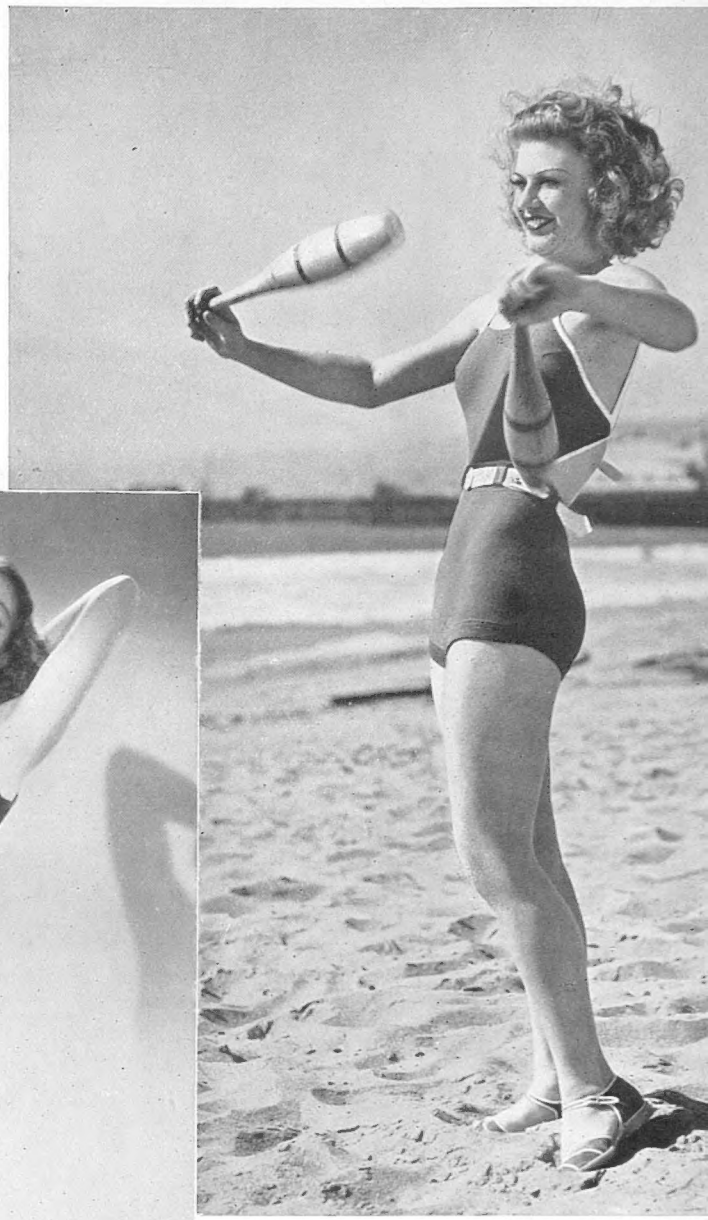
LAST Monday I once again visited this delightful course, and found far more regulars than I had at my beloved Park on the previous Saturday; but when my old friend "Jumbo" Jolliffe took me through the new tea-rooms to the bar for the inevitable bottle, I thought I had made a mistake and gone to the Dorchester.

Two more who watched the soldiers riding races on the two days of the Aldershot Bona-Fide Military Meeting were Miss T. Carey and Miss Matthew-Lannowe

I HAVE been racing on a good many courses in the world, but never have I seen such luxury. You may answer rather sharply that, unlike your old Uncle, you go racing to race, and not to drink tea or champagne with dashing ex-Horse Guardsmen; but, with his ever-ready retort, Uncle Regular will tell you that he has not seen better sport from his seat (seat, mark you!) on the stands for many a long day, and that he did not see a single non-tryer.

OH, yes, I did, and its name was Nippon, owned by Lord Ratendone, and trained by Sam Bennet, but before the Editor outs with his blue pencil, fearing a libel action that will cost him millions, I will tell you that Lord Ratendone was trying for his life, so was Sam Bennet and also his jockey, Roberts. Nippon, though, had other ideas, and behaved so badly that I cannot believe that even such animal-lovers as Mrs. Beatty and Mr. Jarvis would want to take him home with them.

Left: Adalyn Doyle wears a one-piece knitted suit of royal blue, with a striped webbed belt, in that Radio picture, "Finishing School," which is the grandest excuse for getting beauties together



Ginger Rogers is one of the head girls in "Finishing School." She's clever with the Indian clubs, and not bad at choosing a bathing-dress to set off what is claimed to be the smallest waist in Hollywood. She's a red-head — hence "Ginger" — and is as bright as a bee

Above: Dolores del Rio, one of Hollywood's loveliest, in a brown wool, heavily ribbed two-piece, which she designed herself for winter swimming at Palm Springs. Dolores del Rio is the star in "Flying Down to Rio," the new Radio girls-and-'planes extravaganza

Left: Adalyn Doyle in another snappy suit—the sort that is worn with even greater success for beach-combing than for serious swimming. It's of plaid silk, is backless, and just has a strap around the neck to keep it up

If Bathing Suits . . .

These Hollywood Girls Know all the Beach Answers

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 46. Diana Fishwick

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

I ONCE told Bernard Shaw that I liked a particular girl because she had a man's mind. He said: "You mean she *has* a mind." That girl was half-American, but the quality that attracted me to her is also shared by Miss Diana Fishwick. She is entirely feminine and yet she has a mind of her own. She never grouses. She says what she thinks and is in no sense feline. Well-built, without being broad-shouldered, she can hit a No. 2 iron two hundred yards, as she demonstrated forcibly to me at Addington last week. At the age of nineteen she won the Women's Open Championship, defeating Glenna Collet, the American Open Champion, by four and three to do so.

Her temperament is admirably shown by a telegram she sent to Tom Webster on that occasion, or, rather, the night before. It read: "Isn't it a lark? I am in the final." It was the first open championship for which she had ever entered. The two previous years, though, she had won the Girls' Golf Championship.

DIANA FISHWICK has an almost classical nose, a long bob of fair, curly hair, marvellous teeth, good ankles, and pretty hands, which are always gloved for golf. She looks straight at you when she talks, and had her twenty-third birthday on April 12. She never smokes. She can play the piano quite well. Her favourite drink is a fearful concoction of ginger-beer and lime-juice mixed. She has a flat off Sussex Gardens, and a mother in Reading Street—a pretty little village near her home course, North Foreland.

She is one of the very few women golfers whom you see around the West End. Her best shot is a forty-yard pitch and run. Her favourite course is the new one at Le Touquet. In the course of her golfing career she has twice been to the States ("I prefer Southerners") and once to South Africa. She has won the Women's Open Championship of France, and plays so much competitive golf that a "friendly" often fails to bring out her best game. "Physic" is cheerful and outspoken in her conversation and in her articles on golf. She dislikes gambling; seldom reads a book; likes dancing, surf-bathing, and the theatre, and is what you call a thoroughly good sort.

Peter Smith

PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD

Here is the best of the new photographs of the new Mayfair film-girl, the Rt. Hon. William Dudley Ward's daughter. She has been chosen to play opposite no less an international star than Emil Jannings, and is now working all hours on the film in the British International Studios. As other Society aspirants to artistic fame have discovered, it requires greater genius to live down a Mayfair background and be taken seriously as a professional in England than it does to emerge from the crowd and be elevated to stardom in Hollywood. When the critics forget to talk of Miss Dudley Ward as a Society girl, then success is here

The 1934 Debs Again

Bassano

Miss Hersey Baird

The youngest daughter of the late Mr. W. A. Baird and Lady Hersey Baird is eighteen and will be presented during the season. She is a niece of Sir David Baird, of Newbyth, and of Lord Conyngham, who is her mother's brother. Her home is Lennoxlove, Haddington

Lenare

Miss Elizabeth Baring

Miss Elizabeth Baring, who is nearly nineteen, is the youngest daughter of the late Brig.-General the Hon. Everard Baring and Lady Ulrica Baring, a niece of Lord Revelstoke, and cousin of Lord Feversham. Her sister, Audrey, recently married Capt. Richmond-Brown

Lenare

Miss Angela Ramsden-Jodrell

Mrs. Ramsden-Jodrell is giving a dance for her youngest daughter in July at Sunderland House. Miss Jodrell's father is Colonel Ramsden-Jodrell, of Taxal Lodge, Whaley Bridge, Cheshire. Her eldest sister married Captain Herbert Mostyn-Owen last autumn

Bassano

Miss Jean Hamilton

Miss Jean Hamilton is the débutante daughter of Brig.-General Hamilton, D.S.O., and Mrs. Hamilton, of Skene, Aberdeenshire. Her father used to be in the Black Watch. Mrs. Hamilton and her sister, Lady Bearsted, are giving a dance for Miss Hamilton in June

Peter North

Miss Jennifer Fry

Miss Jennifer Fry is the only daughter of Sir Geoffrey Fry, C.B., C.V.O., and the Hon. Lady Fry, who presents her daughter at the first Court and gives a dance for her in July. Sir Geoffrey Fry is Mr. Baldwin's Private Secretary

Left: Miss Helena Perrott is the younger daughter of the late Colonel Sir Herbert Perrott and Lady Perrott, and is eighteen. Her elder sister married Lord Forester in 1931. Miss Perrott's home is in Somerset, where she hunts regularly

Right: Miss Patricia Bland, another hunting deb, goes out with the Cottesmore. She is the daughter of the late Capt. C. E. W. Bland, D.S.O., and Mrs. Bland, and is a granddaughter of the late Mr. William Lecky-Brown-Lecky

Peter North

Miss Rosemary Crichton

Miss Rosemary Maitland-Makgill-Crichton is being presented by her mother, who will give a dance for her in the autumn. Her father, Major Charles Julian Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, of Monzie, Perthshire, and Largo, Fife, was killed at Loos in 1915

Hay Wrightson

Miss Helena Perrott

Hay Wrightson

Miss Patricia Bland

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Buy British

A GENTLEMAN has just written a most illuminating and, at the same time, puzzling letter to the Press. It appears that he took a party of friends to dine at an English restaurant in the heart of England's capital (Note for the less good geographical scholars: this means London, and is just our irritating way of being superior), and, having ordered the meal and selected the wines for his friends, he ordered for himself a modest stoup of English ale. There was a scandalised silence. A great lifting of waiters' eyebrows. A sound as of many men sniffing simultaneously. A ripple of sneers. A shrugging of shoulders. And the head-waiter said coldly that English beer was not being served. The gentleman, explained that superb functionary, could drink French wine or German wine, or the Kirsch of Luxembourg, or Spanish Rioja, or port from Portugal, or raw stuff from Algiers, or the exquisite white wine of Orvieto. He could do himself proud on Hollands or Geneva, on Swedish punch, on vodka, on the fiery slivovitz of the Balkans, on the great Imperial Tokay (which comes from Hungary, and not, as Mr. Noel Coward's song rather delightfully put it, from "the banks of the golden Rhine"), or even on Central African arrack. But not on English beer. Scots or Irish whisky, yes. English beer on English soil, No. A thousand times No.

Save the Children

THAT charming and talented actress, Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor (now Mrs. Cotton), has set a particularly dangerous precedent in the christening of her baby daughter. For, having decided that she was going to have a son and heir and christen it Robin, she carried out half the scheduled programme, and called her daughter Robin. This is all very well. Robin is a charming name, and no girl could reasonably object to it. But what about the patriotic mother who is passionately anxious for her son to go into the Navy, and is all ready with Jellicoe Nelson Drake? Or the ardent admirer of Sir James Barrie who is longing for a daughter so that she can call her Wendy Darling Motherlove? Imagine the life of a small boy at a preparatory school when the other little hell-hounds who make up the chain-gang discover that Robinson minor's Christian names are Wendy Darling Motherlove. But it is no use trying to imagine it. Dante's notion of the Inferno was only a meagre, anæmic affair in comparison.

Wisecrack, Recalled by the Above

A FRIEND of ours told us the other day that he was travelling to America on a liner owned by a Continental Shipping Company. When we remonstrated with him on this unpatriotic behaviour, he replied that he was fully alive to that aspect of the matter, but that on those Continental boats there was "none of that nonsense about women and children first."

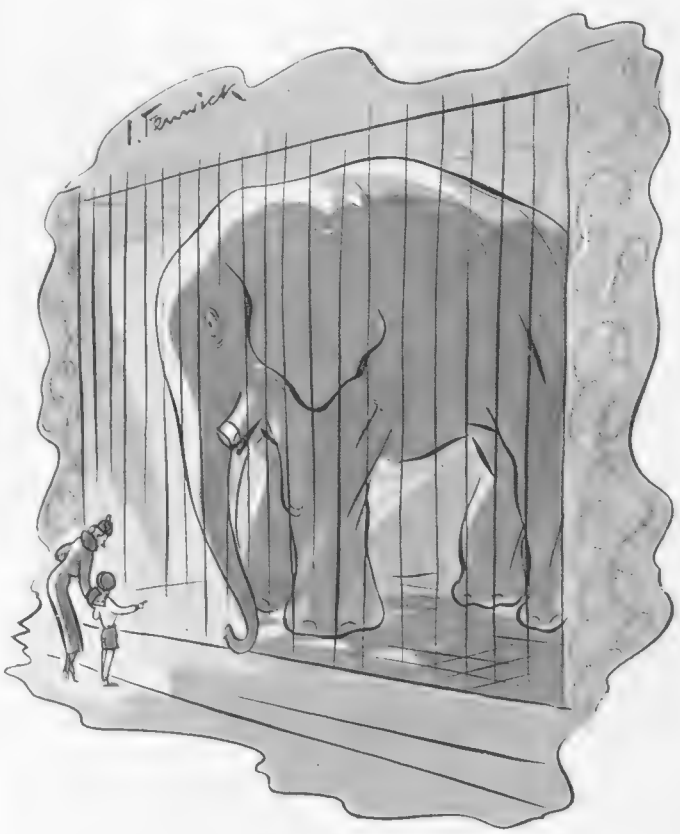
Prize for Caution

THIS week's prize for prudence goes to an evening newspaper; such a happy little sheet, as Mr. John Tilley would probably say. The prize, by the way, is the first six volumes of Lord Passfield's exciting, hair-raising, blood-curdling, terrifying and yet utterly poignant, strange yet glamorous, exotic yet queerly winsome tale, "The History of Local Government from the Enclosure of the Commons to the Brumby Act for the regularizing of the procedure in Rural District Councils." By the way, we hear that the film rights of this epic tale of passion and loyalty in simple hearts have been acquired by some company or other, and that the leading part, that of the farm-damsel who becomes a Parish Councillor and wins the guerdon of true love through the purifying fire of the sub-committee on Footpaths and Stiles, has been offered to Miss Garbo. "I think your policemen are wonderful" was Miss Garbo's reply when our film-adviser asked her for confirmation of this rumour on the long-distance wire.

To return to our award for this week. Our sober contemporary says that during the last three years four men have died who claimed to have invented the picture post-card. "Investigation would appear," runs the comment, "to throw a certain amount of doubt on all the claimants, for picture-postcards existed in 1777." Brush your hair like a good little boy, and straighten your tie. The kind gentlemen are going to give you your prize now. And don't forget to say "Thank you."

Unpleasant Incident

LAST week a middle-aged man with a round, red, jolly face, a convivial sort of face, was observed in St. Martin's Lane to go suddenly pale, blink rapidly, glance round furtively, swallow two or three times, and then rush at a taxi-cab and



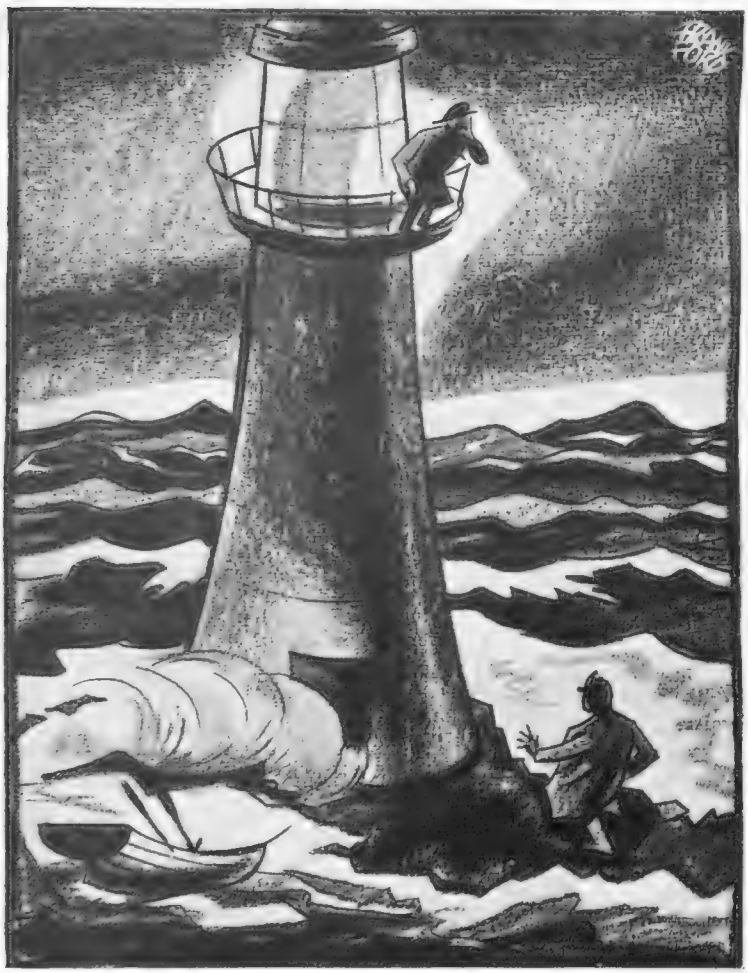
"D'you want to get bitten?"

stammer out, "Drive me to the Temperance Association." Passers-by were naturally somewhat astonished, but their astonishment was changed to alarm when they saw a four-foot-long snake go lolloping across the road as if intending to visit the New Theatre. The police were hastily summoned and one of our intrepid gendarmerie whacked the reptile on the ear with his truncheon and carted it off. It turned out to be a harmless grass-snake. But what a fool to think that grass grows in St. Martin's Lane!

The Shamateur Again

THE International Committee on Amateurism has been using harsh words about the poor lawn-tennis boys and girls. Some of them "live at someone else's expense from January 1st to December 31st and go round the world without putting their hands in their pockets." Tut, tut, this is rough stuff. We ourselves simply cannot bring ourselves to believe it. Indeed, we know for a fact that one lawn-tennis player put his hand into his pocket no fewer than three times in the course of a trip round the world: once at Singapore, to get his pocket-handkerchief; once at Port Said, to get a halfpenny for a diver; and once in the cocktail bar of a liner in order to give the impression that he was about to pay for a round of drinks. So please do not let us have any more of these malicious and unfounded statements. As for the suggestion that lawn-tennis players "treat hospitality not as a kindness but as an obligation," we are in a position to relate a charming little anecdote which completely refutes it. A certain player was being entertained by a lady in a large country house, and on the fifth day of her visit the hostess saw her driving up in the Rolls-Royce which had been put at the star's disposal. Wishing to introduce herself to her guest, the hostess greeted her at the top of the steps with the words, "I 'm so delighted you 're staying here. I 'm your hostess." The lady star was most awfully nice about it. There was no cutting dead, no ignoring, as you might have imagined after reading the report of the International Committee. No. The lady answered at once, in the most charming way possible, "Oh?" and went straight into the house. And when she left, ten days later, she was so charming to the butler that he thought for one moment that she was actually going to tip him. And what is more, if you want any further proof of the essential wildness of these charges, she only swore once at the chauffeur during the whole trip to the station. So there.

"Yes, I hate untidy waste-paper baskets about the place"



"Annie doesn't live here any more"

Short Interval for Nonsense

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM is sixty years of age. And he has written a formal farewell to the stage. "I am conscious," he writes in the preface to the new volume of his collected plays, "that I am no longer in touch with the public that patronises the theatre." Our answer to that is couched (whatever that means) in the immortal dying words of Ariosto or Chaucer or someone: "Rats, my dear Sir, rats!" In our opinion Mr. Maugham is six times as witty as Messrs. Coward, Lonsdale, Levy, and Ackland all rolled together, put through a sieve, and served hot with a touch of cinnamon. Furthermore, he is a master of stage technique. It will be a sorry day for the English theatre when the "too old at sixty" nonsense becomes an accepted notion. Mr. Shaw is seventy-five. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were shooting their immortal works well after eighty. And don't come rushing into Inveresk House and bawling out that Shakespeare downed tools at thirty-nine. We know that already. Anyway, the man was a freak, and alternatively, as our legal friends say, never existed at all.

Politician's Strange Feat

ONE of the Westminster boys whose business it is to handle our money, yours and mine, has recently been up to some queer tricks. He retired to a disused lighthouse (No, no. We aren't making this up. We swear we aren't. It is all perfectly true), which he borrowed from another of the boys, and set to work, according to a contemporary, "to balance the Budget with a sore uvula." This strange experiment in

equilibrism is as good as anything that Strindberg ever wrote about lighthouses, and he was no slouch at introducing grotesque stuff.

Quick, Fetch a Chiropodist

As we're on the subject of the Parliament boys, there will be some shrill yelps if Mr. Dingle Foot, Liberal Member for Dundee, turns out to be right in the comical researches which he has been making into ancient statutes. He claims that a statute of Richard II., reinforced by a statute of Henry VIII., which deprives absent Members of their wages as a fine for non-attendance, has never been repealed. Here's a pretty kettle of fish. Why, there's old So-and-So who hasn't been near the House for years, except once, when he wanted a drink after closing time. And there's What's-his-Name who never can remember the name of his constituency, but feels that it doesn't really matter, because he has forgotten the way to Westminster. And old Thingummy-Bob, who attended a division in 1895 and since then has not been heard of. Really, something will have to be done about this Foot. And he isn't the only one. His father is an active Member. A younger brother is making brilliant speeches in the Basingstoke by-election, and there is a younger one still who is said to be the ablest of the lot. Putting their best foot hindmost, as you might say.

News from France

The Post Office employees in certain parts of France have struck against the new pay-cuts, writes our correspondent, but nobody would know about it unless they read the newspapers. It is no harder to send a package by parcel post than it was before the strike, and it is as impossible as ever to cash a money order. In many places the queues which are lined up for the purpose of purchasing stamp have been in position for several days without noticing that there is a strike at all. On the other hand, there has been a marked improvement in the telephone service, for it is universally agreed that it is far better to get no number at all than to get the wrong number incessantly.

"Now, now, Mr. Philpot, remember we've got to get all these letters off by to-night!"

Au Revoir

No more now, dear hearts, till next week. Go on writing to us and, of course, enclosing certified photographs. We are enchanted with your letters, and, often, with your faces. A rivederci, signorini.

THE BYSTANDERS.

"And this is Private Crump. I trust you'll make him feel at home"

THESPÆANS

No. 29.—Miss Fay Compton

Some leaders of the Acting art,
I must confess,
Can only take one type of part—
No more, no less—
And if they try to break away
From those they usually play,
They often make, I grieve to say,
An awful mess;
For pastures new are not for such
As they—it's risking far too much!

But ever since her flapper days
When she became
One of H. G. Pélissier's,
Small band of fame,
Fay's never been content to be
A one-part actress who can't see
What sense there is in cutting free
From custom tame;
And so she's proved it's well worth while
To set out to be versatile.

Thus, in the theatre we've seen her
In diverse shows
From panto. up in Manchester
To *Mary Rose*;
But be it Drama, Farce, Revue,
She proves that she's an actress who
Can teach the rest a thing or two
From all she knows.
So we don't hesitate to say,
"With contrasts you're au fait, O Fay!"

B. W.

The Passing Picture Show : By Sydney Tremayne

A scene from "Black Magic," filmed on Bali Island, the story of which deals with the life and superstitions of Javanese natives. Seated on the left is the heroine, who is played by Sari

Merle Oberon and John Loder in "The Battle," a Gaumont-British picture with a melodramatic plot. Merle Oberon is considered by our film critic the most outstanding discovery among English film actresses in recent times. She is at present working in "Exit Don Juan," and playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks

"*The Battle*"

"NAVAL occasions" this week. *The Battle* was sensationally successful as novel and film in France, and Charles Boyer, a well-known French actor, plays the chief male part, the Marquis Yorisaka, a Japanese naval officer more passionately in love patriotically than uxuriously. He sacrifices his honour as a husband to his ambition for naval supremacy, using his lovely young wife to seduce a British naval officer in order to obtain secrets which he believes of importance to himself and his country. Inevitably his duplicity—or Oriental subtlety—is defeated by the simplicity and honour of his victims, and the culmination is tragedy. This is "intense" melodrama. It is magnificently presented by Gaumont-British in their most expansively, almost recklessly, extravagant manner. Nicolas Farkas, who made the picture, has excelled previously as a camera-man and, therefore, the chief dramatic values are pictorial. The picture is admirably cast. Merle Oberon, as the wife of the intriguing Japanese Marquis, proves herself not merely an exotically attractive creature, but an imaginative actress. She is, perhaps, the most outstanding discovery in this year's prospecting for gold among the dross of British talent. John Loder, as the young British officer who falls a victim to the charms of the Japanese lovely and the machinations of her husband, has his best acting part to date, and makes good use of his opportunities. Miles Mander presents, as usual, a polished surface in a small part.

"*Freedom of the Seas*"

NAVAL warfare in this picture has a more smiling countenance. An ingenious admixture of drama and humour, with Clifford Mollison, an admirable actor, as the timid Mr. Smith, clerk in the firm owned by the overbearing Mr. Harcourt, and in love with his stupid, good-looking daughter, played naturally by Wendy Barrie, who should do well in films where English virginity needs interpretation. Mr. Smith, on the advice of a friend of his father's, impersonated with middle-aged vivacity and volubility by James Carew, tries to assert himself with his employer and the desirable daughter and gets ignominiously thrown out. He joins the Navy, gets a commission after two years' training, and ultimately is in command of a vessel carrying the haughty Harcourts, rescued from a liner submarined during the war. Spies aboard—also an American chorus-girl (Zelma O'Neil), whose patter-dance reproduction of a Morse code message gives the intrepid Smith the clue to the villainies afoot.

"*Black Magic*"

A DELIGHTFUL picture about the Bali Island and islanders, actually photographed in that Malayan paradise. Pictorially beautiful and excellently assembled. The native actors enter into the spirit of the film without self-consciousness. One of them, as Lomboso, the insolvent owner of fighting-cocks and the father of a remarkably good-looking family, believing himself accursed by the witch whose son loves his daughter, incites the tribe to avenge the plague and misery attributed to the witch's communion with the demons. This native has a curious physical resemblance to Charles Laughton, and certain affinities in gesture and talent. The girls, naked above the waist, with close-wrapped skirts, and elaborate hair-dressing and head-dresses, are beautiful and graceful, the men athletic and finely built. The flora and fauna and the native customs of this fascinating island and its semi-primitive, semi-sophisticated people are well presented.

"*Love Birds*"

DO not be disheartened because this is advertised as another exposition of the "comedy team," Slim Summerville and Zazu Pitts. There is a story. He is a chicken fanatic, she is a school-teacher. Through the invasion of her class by some of his escaped fowls, and the confusion that ensues, she loses her job. Both of them invest their savings in the purchase, from a crook estate agent, of a derelict ranch. A trespassing gold-prospecter finds gold on the disputed territory. It happens to be the filling from Henry Whipple's tooth, but it is enough to bring about a gold-rush, and the nefarious agents buy back the property from both proprietors. Some of the humour is pretty crude, but Zazu Pitts supplies a humorous sentimentality. A boy called Mickey Rooney is extremely good as the psalm-singing little nephew of the school-teacher who becomes tough in transportation.

"*George White's Scandals*"

THEY are a vaudeville troupe. This is a show within a show and without originality. It is surprising that the country which produced Ford cars and taught people to ride should also produce so many and such active and shapely legs. This show is mostly legs, and vaudeville stunts. There is a chorus of babies—girl children from four to eight, all potential Mae Wests. I don't like it; you may. More baby stuff in a song, "Every Day is Father's Day," with Schnozzle Durante, Rudy Vallée and Cliff Edwards as the humorous protagonists. Rudy Vallée is more than a crooner. He can really sing. But Durante becomes more and more self-conscious, and his humorous gestures are stereotyped.

DUNLOP
DUNLOP FORT
DUNLOP MACNA
for Your Spring Motoring

A "DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGE"

Mystery surrounds the identity of the distinguished personage whose world-famous features have now been immortalised in this brilliant portrait by Miss Anna Zinkeisen. Little is known of him beyond the fact that he is an authority on good living and a fine judge of cigarettes, and that his favourite motto is, "De Reszke—of course!"

Westminster Whispers : Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

BUDGET DAY! Poor Mr. Chamberlain! Third time lucky he may be, but he must disappoint some of the expectant ones. Only the brewers have held their peace. They had their drop last year. Where are all the prophets now? They have encouraged everyone in turn. To-morrow and the day after they will have changed their coats and turned professional sympathisers.

THIRTY years ago income tax was elevenpence in the pound. Super-tax had not been thought of. A Conservative Government was in power. Then came five years of a shilling rate. And then an increase of twopence and the introduction of the super-tax. It was the beginning of the end; the ruin of the country now and for evermore.

STILL, somehow we have done it—gone on living in the same old way, rather better off, if the truth be told, and yet found for the Treasury, year after year, the two hundred and sixty millions or so that they have asked for. Thirty millions was all the Chancellor got from income tax in 1904.

THIRTY years ago Mr. Chamberlain's brother—Mr. Austen, in those days—was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Balfour was Prime Minister, Lord Midleton was at the India Office; Lord Lansdowne was Foreign Secretary. People are invariably looking into the future: most intoxicating. They should look back sometimes into the past: sad and sobering, but refreshing all the same.

MR. BALDWIN said, before we rose for Easter, that four or five years at present saw a Prime Minister through; he was worn out after that. Mr. Baldwin may have been thinking of someone in particular; he didn't stop to define what he meant by "at present." But our politicians seem to have as much strength to cling to office as ever they had. And if the work of Parliament is more arduous, the average Member seems as reluctant as ever to give up.

WILL Mr. Baldwin himself retire? He is supposed to relish the idea of becoming another Lord Balfour, the elder statesman-cum-intellectual (they are not synonymous), with endless opportunities for speeches on every subject under the sun, including politics. He is fitted for the rôle. It is his for the asking. But will he ask; and when?

MEMBERS were canvassing each other's opinions all last week as to the possibility of a General Election this year. The Government, of course, can choose their own time. May or October are the months which Conservatives prefer. The majority of their supporters go away from their homes in the summer. There is, though, I am sure, no prospects of an immediate election. Personally, I favour 1935.

BUT when the appeal to the country comes, will Mr. Baldwin lead his Party? Only Mr. Baldwin can say. If he wants to, he will. There is no serious opposition to his leadership. But if he does not want to? Who then? Mr. Chamberlain is directly in the succession. Hence the importance to him of to-day and the Budget next year. But Mr. Elliot is no longer in the background. He has jumped right into the forefront of the picture.

WHAT a stir he has made with his broadcast speech! Was he wise to career so over the ether? His whispering gallery are doing their work well. Only one thing might stop him—if he lost his seat. He did once; but not Kelvingrove. Still, if a Liberal had not put up in 1929 his Socialist opponent with the compelling name of Winning might have won.

I FEEL quite sorry for the Liberal Party. They do try so hard. They are always calling to the nation, and their only response is an echo. Their latest production hasn't even a bright cover to recommend it—just a study in black and white, half-mourning. The Simonites, led increasingly further from home, are, I believe, making up their minds deliberately to forget the road back. The National Government, for some of them, anyway, has only a short cut to the Conservative preserves.

SIR HILTON YOUNG was one of the early arrivals. So was Sir Edward Grigg. Sir Edward was more—he was a signpost. He wrote a little book—a pamphlet—in 1931, *Three Parties or Two?* He started off by quoting Thucydides, Pericles, and Burke, and finished up on the last page with Disraeli and Abraham Lincoln. Oh, there was nothing pedestrian about it! And he pleaded for "a national revival with English ideals." That was good.

"Mr. Baldwin said . . . that four or five years at present saw a Prime Minister through; he was worn out after that." Is it possible that certain aspiring politicians would be only too willing to see if Mr. Baldwin was right?

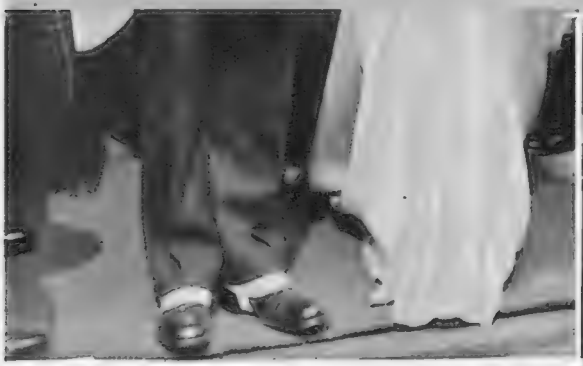
WHAT has been Sir Edward's reward? He was Chairman of the Milk Reorganisation Commission, it is true, and that, in time, may bring its recompense. Mr. Elliot will not forget him. But what of to-day? Perhaps Mr. MacDonald does not forget him? Perhaps he read his pamphlet, and perhaps he cannot forget. "If the front-benchers attempted to form a National Government," Sir Edward wrote, "they would rightly be denounced from the vigorous seats of conviction on either side as an unprincipled cabal, a bloodless and thewless congregation of three old gangs."

THE weeks after Budget Day are usually rather an anti-climax. But not so this year. When we shall not be discussing the Finance Bill itself, we shall have the Roads, the Bets and Coal to deal with, and there will probably be a Cotton Bill of some sort. Such a variety of problems does offer opportunities to most of the back-benchers. The sands are running out. It is now or never. This time next year, how shall we be?

Above: Lady O'Neill and Lady Katharine Howard leaving the reception in Halkin Street

Right: Lady Diana Duff Cooper stepping along in a hurry. Her belted dress, with its big double sleeves of fur, was good

The Earl of Eldon Marries the Hon. Magdalen Fraser



The Earl of Eldon and the Hon. Magdalen Fraser, Lord Lovat's eldest sister, who were married last week at the Brompton Oratory, are first cousins, Lord Eldon's mother, Viscountess Encombe, being a sister of the late Lord Lovat. Miss Fraser's dress was of ivory satin, with Venetian lace train and head-dress

Above: Mr. Farley, the Hon. Mrs. Bassett, and Miss Legg waiting to go in to see the bride and bridegroom

Left: Mrs. Ken Homan and Mr. E. R. T. Holmes look as if the reception had been good fun. It was held at Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John Morrison's house, which they lent to Lady Lovat

Above: Lady Westmorland and her son Julian, one of the six pages, who wore pink linen David Copperfield suits

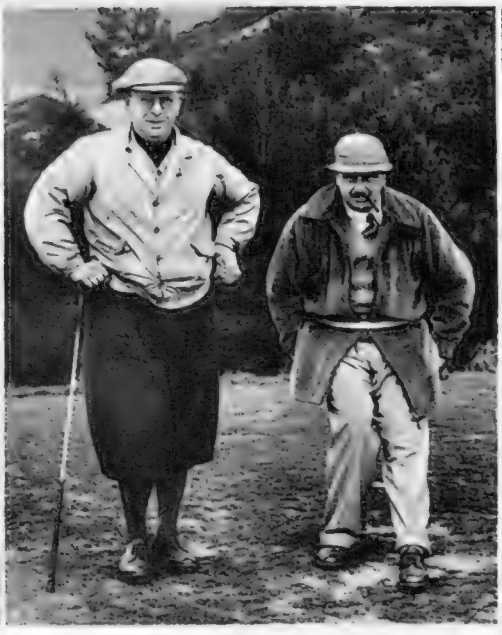
Left: Miss Daphne Lawson, Sir Digby Lawson's daughter, and Lady Lawson

A Young Dancer

Pamela Foster

PAMELA FOSTER has her first leading part as star dancer of the new Summer Cabaret at Grosvenor House which opened last week. She has been dancing since she was four, won a competition when she was thirteen, has been trained by Phyllis Bedells and Anton Dolin, and has danced all over Europe. She is now nineteen, and still does classical and ballet dancing, but likes cabaret work best. She is a niece of the Marchioness of Downshire. When she is not dancing for business, she takes strenuous exercise for pleasure, and rides or plays squash

R. O. Mobbs, beaten by E. C. Bond in the 5th eight, and L. Whelpton, beaten by the Hon. D. Montagu in the 8th eight, who was the winner in this section



Frank Gentle, beaten by L. C. Nunneley in the 2nd eight, and J. S. F. Morrison, who just lost to the ultimate winner, M. R. Gardner, in the first round of the Trophy Eight play-off

Major I. H. Beith, who lost to D. H. R. Martin, R. Kerry, a first-round loser, Captain R. N. Benjamin, winner of the 2nd eight, and R. G. Morrison, a finalist in the 4th eight

The "Bystander" £500 Golf

A Goodly Company in Medal and Match

WE who are connected with the organisation of THE BYSTANDER Trophy Meeting which has just taken place at Parkstone, are of the opinion that, without boasting, we can claim to have had another success. Certainly everything went off extraordinarily smoothly, but this is no credit to us—it is definitely due to the good will of all those who competed in our Tournament, for it is a feature of THE BYSTANDER Trophy Meeting that the competition is almost entirely run by the competitors. Clearly, everyone seems to have had a cheery week-end and to have enjoyed his golf, if one may judge from the number of letters which I have received containing remarks to this effect. On our part, we should like to thank every single competitor for his willingly-given co-operation throughout the two days.

THE Trophy this year was won by M. R. Gardner, a local player with a handicap of two. Gardner, not so very long ago, was one of the reserves for the Cambridge side, and one is inclined to think that Cambridge missed an opportunity when they left him out of the team, unless he has made great improvement very recently. He is an exceptionally sound two-handicap player, and a very worthy winner of the Tournament. We should like to congratulate him heartily on his success.

Actually, it was extraordinarily difficult to qualify for the Trophy Eight. One International remarked, during the course of events, that it was necessary to break the amateur record of the course for him to qualify, in view of his plus handicap. While this was not strictly true, it was sufficiently near the truth to give some idea as to the difficulties with which the low-handicap player had to contend in order to play in the match-play stages of the Trophy Eight. Actually, nothing worse than a net 72 got in, and the field was led by two scores of 70.

For a long time one of the 73's (the leader on our system of ties) looked like getting in, but Viscount Mandeville, almost the last out, returned an 81—11=70, to make his own position secure, and he removed Frank Gentle to ninth place. I mention the story of Frank Gentle because his was truly one of the worst hard-luck stories I have ever come across. In the first place, he very nearly got into the Trophy Eight, as I have just described. In the second place, on the Sunday morning, he met L. C. Nunneley, a four-handicap player of Wentworth, in the semi-finals of the second eight. Gentle played the best round of his life, so he tells me, and actually completed the course in 75, which, with his handicap of ten, makes him six under the correct score for his standard of golf. Yet he was beaten by four up with two to play, for Nunneley went quite mad and actually played the course in 68 strokes; having a putt, which just failed to drop, to equal the amateur record of the course, which stands at 67. While all praise must come to Nunneley for his remarkable performance, yet I think you who read this will agree with me that Frank Gentle had a pretty poor time. He appeared, however, to enjoy it all thoroughly, in spite of rather a precipitous descent from the eighteenth tee.

TO return to the Trophy. Gardner beat Viscount Mandeville somewhat easily in the final round; but he had a very close call in the first round of the match-play stages against John Morrison. This was a level match, for both are handicapped at two, and Gardner certainly had a bit of fortune in winning it by one hole. This in no way detracts from Gardner's performance, for to win any event it is necessary to have a little luck, but at one stage of his round against Morrison he holed two shots from off the green. We who were watching this match had provisionally made up our minds that it was probably equivalent to the final; in other words, that whoever won it would probably go on to win the whole event—and for once our prophecy proved true. From that point Gardner made no mistake, and won his semi-final and final matches easily.

Viscount Mandeville played extraordinarily well to reach the final of the Trophy, and must be considered unfortunate in finding Gardner in such devastating form.

The second eight was won by Captain R. N. Benjamin, of Sunningdale, who demolished Nunneley somewhat easily in the final, the latter, no doubt, suffering from the effects of his amazing round of the morning.

T. A. Bourn won the third eight from plus one, displaying again not merely skill at golf, but also that fighting quality which he possesses to such a marked degree. He had two very close matches on the Sunday, and it is obvious that he has plenty of spirit to help him round a tight corner.

The fourth eight was won by Captain J. H. Anderson, a five-handicap player at Royal Blackheath; the fifth by C. Pretzlik, of Coombe Hill, who seems difficult to satisfy about his golf, for he described it most derogatorily when playing below his handicap; the sixth eight by E. N. Mobbs, who beat D. H. R. Martin by three and two in his final; the seventh eight by D. K. Bourne; and the eighth eight by the Hon. D. Montagu, who, but for a moment of mental aberration, would have qualified for the first eight.

THERE you have the results, but there is an incident or two worth recording. At Parkstone there are one or two holes which one approaches by rather a steep incline, for a missed shot may well finish further from the hole than when originally hit. L. Whelpton found himself successively in most unusual predicaments when playing one of these holes; after a very fine drive he played his shot to the green with a mashie niblick. The shot was not a success. When the ball had come to rest he found it necessary to take a mashie. Another miscalculation, and his next had to be played with some sort of an iron. Nothing will induce me to divulge what the hole finally totalled, but it was largely responsible for his figuring in the eighth eight.

George Hewetson also had an awkward experience, for having played his match, and finishing all square, he and his partner halved the nineteenth hole, and proceeded along the short walk to the twentieth tee. There they found a large number of others—late starters, these—and it looked as if Hewetson and his partner might have to wait a long time before they could settle their match. A nerve-racking experience—but repaired by the previous starters, who allowed them to go through.

Finally, I would like to put it on record that the officials of the Parkstone Golf Club, from Captain, through secretary to starter, all did their utmost to help us make the Tournament the success that it was; and not only for ourselves, but I am sure for every competitor, I wish to thank them for their unfailing good humour and their great efficiency.

E. Hammond (Secretary), W. J. A. Price, H. Adams (member of the Committee), Com. A. W. Hunt (member of Committee), and A. Lupton-Robinson (Financial Secretary to the Club)

D. H. R. Martin, holder of the President's Putter, a finalist in the 6th eight, and the Hon. D. Montagu, winner of the 8th eight who nearly qualified for the 1st eight

George Levy, who played in the 7th eight, and E. St. G. Hewetson, beaten in the 2nd eight after a strenuous contest which only finished at the twentieth

Trophy at Parkstone

Play Face a Strenuous Week-end with Fortitude

By F. G. L. Fairlie

Lieut.-Colonel H. C. McNeil ("Sapper"), an early loser in the 5th eight, and Major G. S. Cooper

Capt. L. H. Churcher and G. A. W. Williams, who were both unsuccessful competitors in the 7th eight

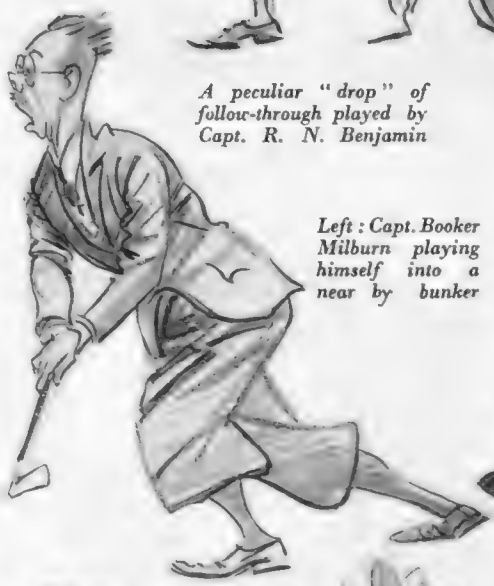
M. R. Gardner (2), the winner of the Trophy, who played excellent golf, and his opponent in the final, Viscount Mandeville (11), whom he beat by five and four

L. C. Nunneley, a finalist in the 2nd eight, won by Capt. R. N. Benjamin, and H. S. Laidlaw, who competed in the 7th eight

J. McInnes, beaten by Captain R. N. Benjamin in the 2nd eight, and Dale Bourn, the winner of the 3rd eight

Where did that one go to? Major I. H. Beith—or perhaps it is Ian Hay

A peculiar "drop" of follow-through played by Capt. R. N. Benjamin

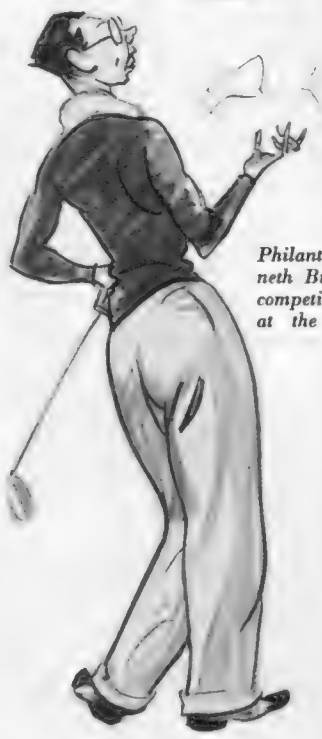


Left: Capt. Booker Milburn playing himself into a near by bunker

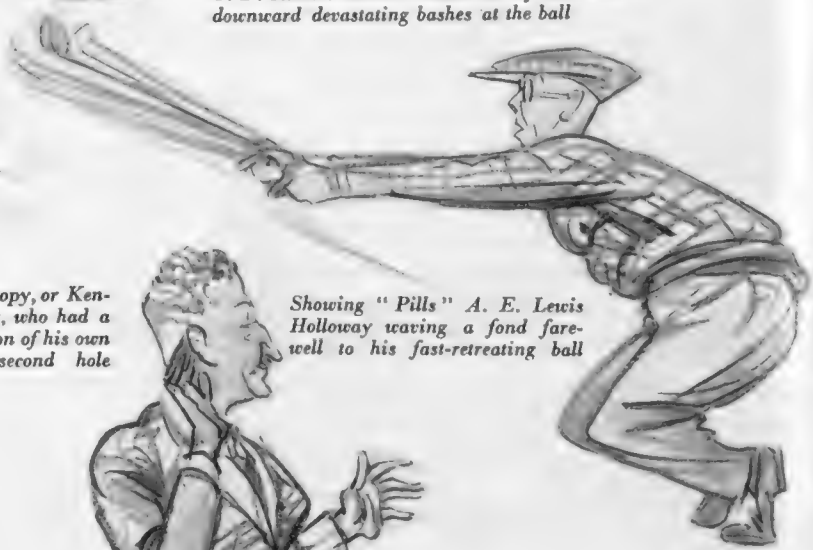
G. D. Roberts about to start one of his downward devastating bashes at the ball

B. C. Hunt, who wasn't out of the hunt at the popular auction sweep

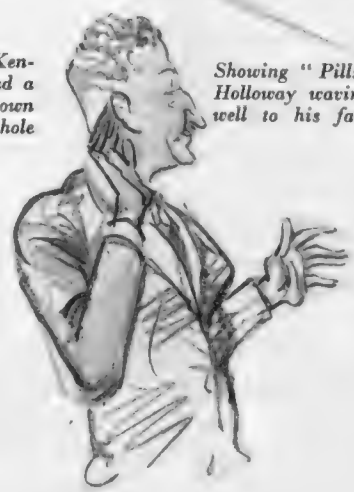
Dale Bourn Harris drawn



Philanthropy, or Kenneth Butt, who had a competition of his own at the second hole



Showing "Pills" A. E. Lewis Holloway waving a fond farewell to his fast-retreating ball



"I hear you calling me": E. St. George Hewetson has a birthday at the bar

Trophy-Hunters at Play:

Some of "Les Boys" who Fell or Conquered in the "Bystander"

Two unusual views of L. Whelpton. Here he is playing his famous half-top-stop-and-run short driblick shot—

—and walloping the ball in the right direction and putting back spin on his partner

Right: a new grip by David Turner

Lt.-Col. A. H. Roberts with his eight-anna hat all the way from Kashmir

"Maggie" Maggs would obviously have made a better astronomer than a golfer

On the left is R. Kerry all out from the tee

Frank Gentle going to earth at the eighteenth against L. C. Nunneley

Lt.-Col. H. C. McNeile, better-known as "Sapper," surprises Major G. S. Cooper by coming up on the wrong green

New bird's-eye view of "Madge" Morrison

A Mixed Bag at Parkstone

Golf Meeting, Sketched, without prejudice, by H. H. Harris

Six men and a woman are the characters of the satirical comedy-drama "Charlemagne," which started its run at the Academy last Saturday. They are the sole survivors of a shipwreck, and on the desert island on which they find themselves strange developments of character take place. Here the Stoker (Raimu) is informing the party, seated before a bare dinner-table, that he intends in future to be their leader instead of their servant

The bewildered survivors, clustered in fear on a lonely beach, are already under the influence of Charlemagne, the stoker. It is he who informs them that they are on a desert island, with no hope of escape. The only woman among them is Rose Val (Marie Glory), who has been washed ashore in a flimsy evening dress

Rose Val, the Queen-Consort of Charle[illegible] with great spirit and grace. Marie Glor[illegible] charming and appealing personality and a[illegible]

Right: the Cabinet of the self-elected King of the island, Charlemagne, consists of a theatrical director (Gaston Jacquet), who is appointed Minister of Finance; an author (Lucien Baroux), Minister of Education; a doctor (Léon Bélières), Minister of Health; the Baron de St. Mayer (Jean Dax), who represents "the people"; Malet (Pierade), Minister of Marine

The Modern Charlemagne

A Great French Film at the Academy Cinema

Below: Charlemagne, the stoker-King, brilliantly played by Raimu, and his Queen (Marie Glory) are a well-matched pair. The film, which is directed by Pière Colombier, is full of sly satire at the expense of modern democracy and the men who, leaders of civilisation, are unable to meet adequately the demands of a more primitive, less artificial life

wears her royal robes plays this part, has a great success in her rôle

WEDDING GUESTS

THE BUSINESS OF POINT-TO-POINTS

Above: Mr. David Lycett Green, Master of the York and Ainsty (South), and Lady Mountgarrett, whose husband is Master of the York and Ainsty (North), at the Bramham Moor Point-to-Point at Swindon Wood, Leeds

Left: at the top are Lord and Lady Hambledon, and below are Lady Gormanston and her daughter, the Hon. Antoinette Preston, on their way to the reception at 9, Halkin Street after the wedding of Lord Eldon and the Hon. Magdalen Fraser

A BALL IN SCOTLAND

Lord and Lady Airlie being piped into the ball-room at Cortachy Castle, Kirriemuir, where they gave a supper and dance for their tenantry last week. Lord Airlie looks the part of the clan chieftain when he's wearing the full Highland dress as well as anyone in all Scotland

A MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

Mr. Steven Runciman, Mr. Walter Runciman's son, and Lord Burlington, the Duke of Devonshire's grandson, have been cruising the Mediterranean on the Letitia, a cruise organised by the Hellenic Travellers' Club, whose trip to Greece is an annual event

ROUNDABOUT . . .

ANOTHER WEDDING

Above: Miss Primula Rollo, Miss Lloyd Thomas and Colonel Edgar Brassey at the Beaufort Meeting at Aldeston, near Chippenham

Above, left: Miss Irene Mann-Thompson talking to Mr. Colin S. Gray at the Old Berkeley Point-to-Point held at Kimble. Mr. Gray rode, but was not placed in his race

Left (circle): Miss Susan and Miss Daphne Henderson in the paddock at the Aldershot Steeplechase Meeting

Below: Sir John Carew-Pole and the Duchess of Beaufort walking round at Aldeston, where the Beaufort Point-to-Point was run

Mr. John Allsopp, the younger son of the late Lt.-Col. the Hon. Ranulph Allsopp and Mrs. Allsopp, of Ayrefield, Bournemouth, and Miss Audrey Fellows, daughter of Major and Mrs. E. G. Fellows, leaving St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, after their wedding

Miss M. Barrie and Lady Susan Askew were at the Eldon-Fraser wedding, which took place at the Brompton Oratory, and the reception, which was at the John Morrisons' house in Halkin Street

The Hon. Mrs. Allsopp, who married Mr. John Allsopp's elder brother, was at her brother-in-law's wedding

The Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy, Lord Hindlip's sister, and the Dowager Lady Hindlip, leaving Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill's house in Grosvenor Street after the Allsopp-Fellows reception

Second Thoughts on First

"Three Sisters" (Drury Lane)

It strikes me as mildly funny that those two expert collaborators, Oscar Hammerstein and Jerome Kern, should sit down, with energy aforethought, to write an "England My England" saga for Drury Lane. They calculated, most likely, that another all-British *Cavalcade* wouldn't do the box-office any harm, especially if lightened with the leaven of *The Good Companions*, and on the face of it there doesn't seem any reason why the idea shouldn't pan out pretty well.

Mr. Hammerstein knows a lot about books and lyrics, and you can depend on him for a glamorous, sentimental story that doesn't peter out about half-time. As for Mr. Kern, his style is so versatile and his fount of melody so continually on tap that he can write any sort of tune and make you want to whistle it.

Mr. Hammerstein likes Mr. Kern's music so much that he 's always letting it run through his dialogue, so that words and music form a coherent pattern. Mostly (rather too often, in fact), *Three Sisters* is a play with music, as opposed to one of those slap-dash musical comedies which hang together by the grace of the producer's slide-rule and stop-watch.

All this painstaking combination puts *Three Sisters* somewhere near the light-opera mark, but on the first night it had its disadvantages. There was far too much plot and enough sentiment to drive a mothers' meeting into the arms of sin. That dancing tune called "Lonely Feet," with its tricky footwork and lighting, was denied an encore, whereas the moonstruck babbling of lovers and a sob-raising reconciliation over a pre-war baby delayed the curtain-fall till after eleven-thirty.

I 'm not saying a word more about the length and soppiness, because half-an-hour, representing all the flabbier interludes, has now been snicked out of the proceedings. I believe the baby business has gone for ever, and the comedians are feeling their feet. In the case of Charlotte Greenwood (who is the American-born daughter of a Dickensian fair-photographer, whom Eliot Makeham plays with mellow pathos), that is as it should be. Miss Greenwood is a rare performer, and her long, raking stride and comical dance ought not to get cramped up by a lot of rock-a-bye-baby stuff.

Albert Bourdon, as a busker, and Stanley Holloway, as a love-sick policeman, are amusing, but the other two sisters don't get much of a chance. Adèle Dixon's charm and vivacity are taken up in making us believe that a vagrant's daughter can have enough high-school uplift to exchange a caravan on Epsom Downs for a niche in Debrett. Victoria Hopper, when she isn't singing very sweetly as the girl who is deserted on her wedding day by a gipsy troubadour with no manners and less morals (Esmond Knight), is hampered with an excessive load of virginal innocence.

There is a good deal of nice, unfussy scenery, with none of the old flamboyance of Drury Lane melodrama, and Mrs. Calthrop has made some of the dresses of 1914-1924 look positively pretty. Epsom Downs on Derby Day, a baronial mansion with bridge and stream, a street scene in sections, a village wedding, with real geese and a dog-cart, the inside of a church (where the music is sweet but not sacred), a Y.M.C.A. hut in France, where the chorus boys in khaki burlesque the Palace Girls (Tiller Troupe to you, Sir, if you 're post-war), and a finale in a Thames lock—that gives you some idea of the scope of the story.

I shall drop in soon and see it all again, just to hear the music.

"Counsellor-at-Law" at the Piccadilly

Top: Hugh Miller as George Simon, the Counsellor-at-law. Middle: the super-sleuth, ex-burglar and present private-enquiry agent (Charles Victor). Below, L.: The Philanderer (Martin Lewis), who loves Simon's wife. Below, centre: Mrs. Simon (Netta Westcott), who doesn't love her husband. Below, right: Regina (Elspeth Duxbury), who does!

"Counsellor-at-Law" (Piccadilly)

That good and versatile craftsman, Elmer Rice, is a neat hand with the bee-hive method. By which I mean the kind of play that takes some human ant-hill (as in *Street Scene*) and gives you kaleidoscopic flashes into its seething interior. The professional bustle of a lawyer's office in New York is the background in this expert and efficient dramatisation of what will always make a good feuilleton.

Mr. Rice's processional instinct comes out strong, but never with the result of letting a good "office melodrama" go

Nights: Musical Cavalcading and Legal Strong Stuff—Made in America

How three sisters are moved by dancing, singing and music: Dorrie (Adèle Dixon) and the peer (Richard Dolman), who dances attendance on her

The Three Sisters at Drury Lane

old in its tracks. All the same, I could have got on nicely with less of the switchboard and the telephone-girl, who talked incessantly about her boy-friends and a distressing stomach trouble which proved to have a more sinister prelude than chocolate candies. One scene consisted entirely of this monologue and the ebb and flow of a few seedy clients. While it showed you plenty of noisy, chromium-plated atmosphere and legal jargon, it did nothing for the story of George Simon, the ex-gutter snipe, who loved his frumpy old mother, and doted on his aristocratic wife. On the other hand, your magazine instincts will tell you almost at once what was going to happen to the impulsive, hard-working, generous-hearted George. First it was disbarment, due to a rashly-faked alibi for a petty thief; but that spot of bother was smoothed over with the aid of a little burglary and blackmail, all quite nicely done, of course. Then it was the wife. We could see that coming, and her going, all the time. And that suicidal movement to the open window, hinted at in a previous episode, was no more unexpected than the timely rescue by the loyal lady secretary.

The piece is frankly routine to me, deft and holding as it is, but I fancy all that office by-play and the rapid American dialogue (which Sir Barry Jackson's excellent company made a pretty good shot at) made it seem better than I suspect it really is. Nevertheless, with its quick-moving vignettes, slick talk, strong dramatic story, and the spirited acting of Hugh Miller as the lawyer, Elspeth Duxbury as the secretary, and many others, *Counsellor-at-Law* looks like getting a long series of refreshers at the Piccadilly.

TRINCULO.

Tiny (Charlotte Greenwood) and her crooning constable (Stanley Holloway)

Mary (Victoria Hopper), whose innocence melts at the approach of Gypsy Hood (Esmond Wright) and his hot music. Gypsy believes in treating 'em rough

Sketches by Rouson

The "Bystander" Ladies' Spring Medal Four-

New Names on the Cups: Popular Winners Sweep the Prize Board

By

Eleanor E. Helme

Miss K. Garnham (Naze), Mrs. H. Gilligan (Roehampton), Mrs. Guy Williams and Miss Williams—visitors from Masterton, N. Z.

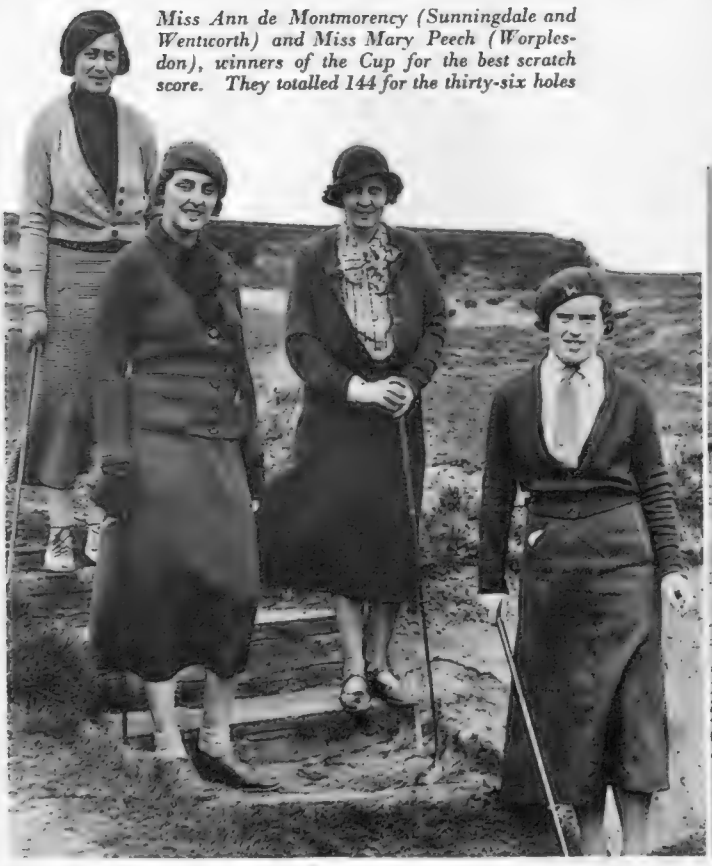
DEAR BYSTANDER,

YOU are always crying out for brand-new names on your Cups: this year you have certainly got them on the Spring Medal Foursomes. Not for an instant do I suggest that nobody has heard of Miss Mary Peech, of Worplesdon, or Miss Ann de Montmorency, of Sunningdale and Wentworth. But I don't, somehow, feel that anybody beforehand would quite have picked them out of that field as winners of anything so searching as a scratch aggregate. Even when they headed the list at lunch time I doubt whether anyone was prepared to bet that they would be in the same position three hours later; and yet, there they were, having deserved their lofty position by some very good golf.

NEVER have I seen any board swept so completely as by those two. It really was lucky for everybody else that it has always been a rule of the competition, "One player, one prize," or Miss Peech and Miss de Montmorency would have staggered home, each carrying a Cup and replica, a writing-table set, a travelling writing-case, a car cushion-bag, a cashmere rug, and a golfing handbag. Poor Mr. John Morrison was puzzled enough to know how he should dispose of two Cups and two replicas without dropping any of them, and look pleasant for

The Winners!

Miss Ann de Montmorency (Sunningdale and Wentworth) and Miss Mary Peech (Worplesdon), winners of the Cup for the best scratch score. They totalled 144 for the thirty-six holes



Miss B. Gaisford (Marton, New Zealand), Miss L. Rieben, Mrs. Rieben (Aberdovey), and Miss Oliver Kay (Otago, New Zealand)

Miss J. Horrell (Worthing), showing the ball which she has chosen to play with to Miss M. Lake (Worthing)

Leisure—for the moment—Charles (Sunningdale), Mr Alan Macbeth (Bowden), an

somes at Wentworth

Miss B. Pyman, Miss H. Richards, Mrs. Box, and Miss M. S. Gibbs, a quartette from Royal Porthcawl Club

Right: Mrs. V. G. Davies (Berkshire), Miss Diana Fishwick (N. Foreland), Miss D. Pim (Addington), and Miss R. Rabbidge (Royal Mid-Surrey) totalling scores

er luncheon. Mrs. Dudley ec Gold (Berkshire), Mrs. iss Joy Winn (Aldeburgh)

the photographer all in a breath. Really, it was a very fine performance—I mean, on the part of the ladies—and most tantalising, from a personal point of view, to be obliged to sit checking cards when reports kept filtering in during the afternoon: "They 're still going strong." "They 're only two over fours." "They 're absolutely walking away with it." "You should have seen Miss de Montmorency's drive over the trees at the twelfth, and Miss Peech put the next absolutely stone dead with a mashie niblick."

In the morning, reports had come in that she was one of the few players who pitched on to the green at the sixth on the East Course and stayed there. The majority, with the wind behind, were over-running it, and what trouble lurks beyond only those who have tried it can tell. Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Garon, for instance, dug a dismal grave there in the morning, which even a gallant afternoon effort of 69 on the West could not retrieve.

Miss Peech has been playing for Surrey II. this year—when somebody else fell out.

Mrs. Percy Garon (Thorndon Park), Mrs. M. L. Clarke (Hayling), Miss Toni Ramsden, and Mrs. Hugh Satchell (West Hill) "banking" on Wentworth

Miss de Montmorency, having done her own falling on skis, was no surer of her place. So they played with all the dash of comparative unknowns, and yet the steadiness of experienced golfers. It was great golf, nothing less, to lead the field with 77 compiled round the East (or Old) Course, and then not to take fright at the very excellence of it and fritter away a golden chance. It was not as if they had nothing to fear. On the East Course Miss Diana Fishwick and Mrs. V. G. Davies were hard on their heels, with 80 gross, and they knew that there was some very low scoring to beat when they changed over for fifteen holes on the West after lunch, because already Mrs. Dudley Charles and Mrs. Alan Macbeth had done 70 there. This was all magnificent, much better than anybody had anticipated, so that the scores ran right off the sheet prepared for returns. I frankly own that I refused to have spaces for anything less than 68 for those fifteen holes on the West Course, and suppose that, for being so rude to the powers of the competitors, I ought duly to apologise. There were actually eleven net scores below 68. In excuse, I only say that the men look on it as a truly tiger course, and declare that, even from shortened tees, the carries look so formidable that they may quite well terrify anybody into ineptitude. Then the greens are small compared with the other

(*Continued on page 116*)

Miss R. Dix Perkins (Sandy Lodge), Mrs. Provan (Ashridge), Miss E. Pentony (Hermitage), and Mrs. Haigh Smith (Sandridge Park) waiting on the West Course

The "Bystander" Spring Medal

course, and nobody can pretend that this spring of grace 1934 has made fairways easy to play off.

No. The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that the scoring on the West Course was out of the common good, and I am beginning to wonder if the mere fact of having only fifteen holes had anything to do with it. Was the absence of fatigue a real factor? Was the mental encouragement of adding up at the end of seven holes and seeing a total in such very early thirties a wonderful help? Miss Ramsden and Mrs. Satchell, indeed, had 29 written down for them. Viewed in the most dispassionate light, that is one over fours. I do sometimes think that we women play our competitions on much too long courses, and that we should get far more pleasure out of our golf if we got an occasional sniff at the sixties, as the best men do, instead of being extremely thankful if we can break eighty.

At lunch time most people would have been inclined to wager something that Miss Diana Fishwick would add her name to the Cups, and very welcome it would be to see it there. We have got Miss Wethered, Miss Leitch, Miss Wilson, Miss Pearson, Mrs. Guedalla of the British and English champions; we want Miss Fishwick, Miss Morgan, and Miss Gourlay, to complete the gallery.

And then I began to wonder whether it would not be extremely pleasant if Mrs. Macbeth, who already has her name more than once on our Autumn and Northern, should not also decorate the Spring Medal. She looked very like doing it. To their morning 70 on the West they added 80 on the East, in spite of squandering fives on two of the short holes. All they could do was to win the Handicap Aggregate with 140.

Mrs. John Gage and Miss Phyllis Wade took the Scratch on the East with 79; Mrs. Satchell and Miss Ramsden the Scratch on the West with 68; Mrs. Collis Browne and Mrs. A. R. Broughton took the Handicap on the East with 86—11=75, and Mrs. Furlonger and Miss Garnett the Handicap on the West with 71—7½=63½. The couple for whom everyone felt sorry were Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Julia Hill, who tied for both the Scratch and the Handicap on the East and lost both.

Left: Miss Nancy Halsted (Banstead) and Miss M. Raworth (St. George's Hill)

Mrs. Kennedy (Liphook), Miss J. Hill (Surbiton), Miss Mavis Dold (Port Alfred, South Africa), and Mrs. S. V. Hicks (Roehampton) resting betweenwhiles

Left: Miss Mervyn Barton and Miss Pam Barton, a young pair of Royal Mid-Surrey

Waiting their turn at the second tee: Miss G. Snowden and Miss M. Tate, of Stanmore, and Miss M. Maitland and Miss M. E. Tate of Eli and Earlsferry

Right: Miss E. Young and Miss A. Holmes, of Chigwell

Foursomes

(Continued from page 115)

SOME of the most impressive golf of the day was quite unrewarded, amongst other reasons because the perpetrator of it was seized with sudden aberration and drove from two successive tees during the afternoon round. That was Miss Oliver Kay, who holds the Australian as well as the New Zealand Championship.

Truly, I could imagine stranger things happening than that she should add the British Open to those two. This is not an idle compliment to a welcome visitor. I was immensely impressed, having sneaked out from the checking-table long enough to see Miss Kay and Miss Gaisford play a few holes. Miss Kay, in particular, is a really finished player, with all the shots. It was delightful, too, to have Mrs. Guy Williams back with a daughter to partner her, and Miss Mavis Dold was there from South Africa. Altogether a distinguished Spring Medal Foursomes, and Wentworth quite surpassed themselves in kind hospitality.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

THE NEW V-8 SALOON DE LUXE (2 DOORS), £255, AT WORKS

Inevitably the centre of attraction, on arrival at the Club,

This New V-8, with acceleration such as gives the word novel meaning, even to those familiar with the original V-8, meets the gaze as arrestingly as its performance thrills the most experienced, seasoned of owner-drivers.

And its body-comfort, roominess when occupied by six-footers, completeness of equipment, the freedom from driving-fatigue over the longest of trips, put it at the head of a class of its own creation.

But why not allow it to speak for itself? Permit us to forward V-8 literature, with a note of the nearest Dealer's name and address.

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POPULAR FAVOURITES AFTER A DANCE

A REFRESHING PICTURE OF
MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AND MR. RONALD SQUIRE

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Divorce, Defence, Detection

By A. G. Macdonell

THERE is no more persistent, no more zealous, no more vigorous social reformer than Mr. A. P. Herbert. He detests wholeheartedly every abuse that comes his way. And, unlike many, he does not stop short at registering detestation. He seizes his fountain-pen, sends the boy out for a quart of vitriol, and gets to work. Nor is he the type of zealot who is soon tired of one cause and flits away to tilt a lance in another arena. Mr. Herbert, like a good bulldog, never lets up when once his teeth are in. His new novel, *Holy Deadlock* (Methuen; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a brilliant piece of propaganda against the grotesque cruelty and stupidity of the English divorce laws. John and Mary Adam tried for seven years to make a success of their marriage. They tried honestly and sincerely, and they failed. So they decided to be divorced and start again. *Holy Deadlock* (what a superb title!) is the story of their struggles to comply with the laws of the land. There is all the sordid business of John's visit to the hotel at Brighton with a professional intervener; then the first action in the Courts, in which the hotel chambermaid, the crucial witness, loses her head in the witness-box and the petition is dismissed; then a second "clandestine" visit to a hotel with a lady who develops measles on the first evening and has to be isolated for three weeks. During all this long delay, Mary Adam makes one single slip, on an impulse, without premeditation. Anonymous letters warn the King's Proctor. Private detectives, with big boots and waxed moustaches, are unleashed. All the sordid machinery of the spy and the informer is set in motion, and in the end John and Mary Adam are condemned to be tied to each other for ever and ever, amen. And may the Lord have mercy on their souls.

Mr. Herbert's novel ought to shake some of the smug and complacent Members of Parliament who so stoutly uphold this hideous tyranny, for Mr. Herbert is an artist and he has presented his case with overwhelming force and truth as only an artist could. The law will have to be changed in time, and when it is changed many thousands of men and women will look to Mr. Herbert as one of their most steadfast and powerful Liberators. *Holy Deadlock* will strike a strong blow in this great crusade.

Howard Coster

A. P. Herbert

who might be described as the serious humorist, whose new novel with a purpose, "Holy Deadlock"—an attack on the divorce laws — is reviewed on this page

LORD CASTLEROSSE is probably the best-known figure in modern life, after Mr. Lloyd George and a handful of film-stars. His silhouette and his weekly page in the *Sunday Express* are equally famous. Now he has written a book, *Valentine's Days* (Methuen; 12*s.* 6*d.*). I confess I would have enjoyed this book a great deal more if I had not got the sneaking idea that it is not a new work at all, but a collection of paragraphs reprinted from his Sunday journalism. If I am wrong I apologise here and now. But I certainly detected one or two stories that had a familiar ring, and the whole make-up of disjointed snippets and rambling reminiscences does lend weight (if his Lordship will excuse the phrase) to the impression. But whether or no, readers of *Valentine's Days* will find much to entertain them. Lord Castlerosse has no illusions and no lack of courage. There is almost a touch of Cyrano about him as he goes tilting at the follies of the age. "The smart people try to get sunburned. They are all out for a tan. I'd give them that tanning ever so happily." That is a typical comment. Or "No wonder ships are spoken of as the feminine 'she,' for like women, it is the young and fast ones which get the crowd."

And often there are flashes of real philosophical penetration, as, "How foolish was the cry to hang the Kaiser! How much better it was to allow him to live so that the Hohenzollern tradition might die." That is statesmanship.

IN the eternal struggle between the respective merits of youth and age, three arguments in favour of youth can be found in Alexander and his generals, Napoleon and his marshals, and the Indian Mutiny. It is no exaggeration to say that the British Raj in India was saved by the handful of young men—none older than thirty-eight—who held the Punjab against the mutineers, prevented the wild Afghan tribes from flooding down from their hills, and forced the central authorities to undertake the all-important siege of Delhi. But Age can reply that these young men were only given their chance by the far-sightedness and unerring judgment of Sir Henry Lawrence, the great administrator. The story is told in Professor J. L. Morrison's absorbing and exciting book, *Lawrence of Lucknow* (Bell; 15*s.*). Henry Lawrence, an Ulsterman, landed in India as a subaltern in the Horse Artillery. Before he was killed by a shell in the Residency at Lucknow he had learnt more about India and the Indians than any white man who ever lived. His brother, John, attained to higher honours, but it was Henry who laid the foundations, and it was owing to Henry's wise and true building that the impact of the Mutiny was diminished and a breathing-space won in which to organise the great counter-attacks. The story of the siege of the Residency is immortal. Unfortunately, Professor Morrison has to end his book with the death of his hero, but he makes it perfectly clear that the Residency could not have been held without the foresight, will-power, and organisation, of Henry Lawrence.

THERE are few writers of detective novels who are so consistently ingenious as Mr. Milward Kennedy, and his latest, *Corpse in Cold Storage* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is well up to his usual high standard. The pendulum in this branch of fiction seems to be swinging back to the amateur sleuth of earlier days. But Scotland Yard cannot complain; it has had a long innings now, and Lestrade and Gregson have been heavily avenged. Mr. Kennedy leaves out the official police altogether in this book, and the central figure on the stage is our old friend, Sir George Bull. Sir George is certainly a relief from the usual run of these iron men with their brains cutting like steel machines, but I am sorry to say that the bold bad Bart. is drinking even more heavily than usual. There is hardly a page on which Sir George is not rejoicing in the presence of, or deploring the absence of, booze. And the effect on his liver is beginning to tell, for he is almost consistently offensive to everyone who speaks to him. On the other hand, Lady Bull is as charming as ever, and the reader cannot fail to be delighted when it turns out that she, and not her alcoholic husband, solves the mystery.

The solution, like all Mr. Kennedy's solutions, is quite extraordinarily ingenious, and I, for one, was completely baffled about its details. On the other hand, it must be proudly recorded that, by means of what bridge-hounds call a "psychic bid," I fastened on to the murderer from the very start and clung to him throughout against the most desperate odds.

Corpse in Cold Storage is miles above the ordinary level of detective fiction, and no student of crime should fail to read it.

Music (and all That)

Ballet and Opera

By "Melos"

THERE are few modern British ballets, but—as George Robey used to sing—"What *is* there, is *good*." Lord Berners' *The Triumph of Neptune*, in which he had a Sitwellian collaboration, was admirable, and so was *Pomona*. Mr. Geoffrey Toye has now added to the fame he achieved by writing the ballet *Douanes*, by doing something still better in *The Haunted Ball-room*, which has just been produced at Sadler's Wells (the composer conducting), amid scenes of hysterical enthusiasm.

"No, dammit! This is not *the ironmongers"*

The fact that he is a composer himself makes Mr. Toye's position as managing-director at Covent Garden both original and rather piquant. I cannot imagine Sir Augustus Harris, Neil Forsyth, Harry Higgins or Eustace Blois as composers of ballets, though the last-named was a good musician and a pianist.

Creative musical ability does not help one in dealing with the rumpuses which are the normal state of affairs in any opera-house; indeed, it might be a handicap in that it connotes a temperament akin to that of the singers, conductors, etc., whom the manager has to manage. But Mr. Toye used to be in the City, has a level head, and is well able to cope with both ballets and business. So much the better.

"THE HAUNTED BALL-ROOM" has a sufficiently exciting story—the owner of the house sees visions in the room and is made to dance to death—and marks a welcome return to the ballet of action. We are not bothered with the "symbolism" which may mean anything and usually means nothing.

Mr. Toye's music, too, though not simple, is direct. It is essentially *danceable*, which ballet-music should be; it is also pleasant to listen to and would be well worth performing as a Suite as part of a concert-programme. He has scored most ingeniously. Parts of it have a flavour of Stravinsky's *Fire Bird*, and other parts suggest Ravel's *La Valse*; but the resemblance is only in treatment and not in thematic material. An admirable effort.

Perhaps one day we shall have a Toye Symphony. There is already one in existence (without the "e").

The dancing of everyone concerned, particularly that of Miss Alice Markova and Mr. Robert Helpmann, was admirable; and a better and more pathetic piece of miming than that of Miss Freda Bamford, as the little son of that most unfortunate Squire, I have rarely seen.

COVENT GARDEN will open its doors in little over a fortnight with *Fidelio*, which is not, I fancy, likely to be a popular inaugural performance, for all that the mighty Beethoven wrote it. I have heard *Fidelio* many times, and at the risk of being abused for blasphemy, I confess that it bores me and venture the opinion that it is one of the dullest of operas. The symphony was Beethoven's province, not the stage, nor even the oratorio.

However, with Sir Thomas Beecham in charge, and Mme. Lotte Lehmann in the chief part, the occasion cannot fail to be of interest.

VISITORS to the grand old theatre will not see much evidence of the huge sums of money which have been spent in improving it, beyond better accommodation in the foyer and lounge, and more extensive parking-places for hats and coats; it is the behind-the-scenes extensions which have proved so costly. Most wisely has it been decided to make no structural alteration whatever in the auditorium. Acoustically this is the most perfect in the world, and acoustics are such mysterious things that the removal or addition of even a few feet of wall may easily spoil everything.

THERE has been a lull in the concert world, which is only just beginning to wake up again. But I saw the other night a good performance of *Don Giovanni* at Sadler's Wells, a theatre which is just the right size for Mozart. Miss Miriam Licette is also one of the best Mozart singers we have, so this was a happy combination. I would not call Mr. Corri, however, an ideal Mozart conductor; he is "safe," but has a heavy touch and one longed for some signs of vitality in the orchestra.

Mr. Percy Heming as the Don was first-rate; he is a good actor as well as an accomplished singer. Miss Winifred Lawson, who, I believe, comes from Gilbert and Sullivan, made a charming Zerlina.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled
Weekly
for
"The Bystander"
by
Madge Garland

Dorothy Wilding

MISS ELIZABETH MONTAGU looks enchanting in a white satin wedding gown from Marshall and Snelgrove which has a bateau neckline and a fan-shaped train embroidered in pearls. Miss Montagu, who is now appearing in Naomi Royde-Smith's play, "Private Room," is a half-sister of the present Lord Montagu of Beaulieu

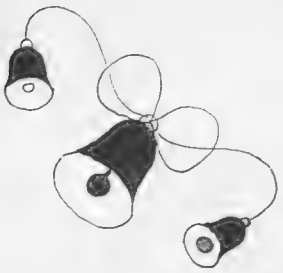
The wedding bouquet of camelias mounted on gold tissue stems is from Flower Decorations Ltd.

A BLUE and white plaid evening gown of heavy crêpe de Chine would be an excellent addition to a summer trousseau. This one is cut on clinging lines, has a short train, a gathered yoke in front and a low back. With it is worn an unusual wrap of crêpe de Chine, half red and half white. It is really one long scarf with flared ends joined by a narrow section, this is wound round the neck and the long ends cover the shoulders and form a swinging cape. From Swan and Edgar

A VERY different version of the cape is illustrated on the figure on the left. This dress of lightweight grey woollen material dispenses with sleeves and replaces them by a short cape cut in one with the bodice. The spray of white gardenias at the base of the throat and the black belt complete a very smart every-day costume for town. Wear it with long black gloves and a rough straw sailor. From Swan and Edgar

FOR the very young bride the afternoon dress sketched at the extreme left would be enchanting. It is carried out in a gaily flowered crêpe de Chine which can be obtained in various colour schemes. An apron effect is achieved by gathered flounces and its short sleeves are tied with bows just above the elbow. It is finished at the neck by a spray of flowers which repeat the design of the material. From Woollands

Some Suggestions for an up-to-date Trousseau



TAFFETAS is definitely one of the winners this season and is to be seen as much during the day as at night. The taffeta ensemble at the right is carried out in blue and white plaid and plain navy. The coat with its puffed sleeves would look equally well over an evening gown and would be extremely useful in a wardrobe where economy has to be considered. From Harrods

THE centre figure is wearing a Jodelle model. It is carried out in heavy dull black crêpe and has an interestingly draped neckline, wide three-quarter length sleeves and a belt of the material caught in front by a twist of elephant's hair. This dress would look charming in the new dirty pink and can be obtained in several pastel shades. Harrods

A REALLY simple and well tailored tennis dress is a summer necessity. The one sketched on the extreme right comes from the small women's department at Harrods, and is made of that new and eminently successful material, Tan-tex. This has a tiny open weave, does not crease, hangs beautifully and washes even better. It is inexpensive and there are several different styles from which to choose

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

A South African Suggestion

F. W. S. Malir, the Otley Captain, being chaired by members of his team after winning "t'old Tin Mug" by beating Sandal, Wakefield, in the final of the Yorkshire R.U. Football Cup at Bradford

Bath came to London to play the London Scottish at Richmond, and after leading by nine points, were finally beaten twenty points to sixteen. The photograph shows a London Scottish man being collared

STRAYING idly over the typewriter-keys, my fingers seem reluctant to admit that all interest in the Rugby football season is dead until next winter. The season itself, true enough, is dead as a door-nail, save on those iron grounds where the heroes are fighting their way to the concluding rounds of the Middlesex seven-a-side tournament. Those of us who are Rugby-minded, though, will always have plenty to talk about, and it so happens that a kind reader has presented me with a red-hot piece of controversial news.

It comes from South Africa, where so many other good things have their being, and it is announced in a head-line which runs "Transvaal Move for Brighter Rugby." I'm always suspicious of any move for brightening any game, but the point about this particular one is that South Africa seems to have woken up to the dangers of excessive kicking to touch. At any rate, the Transvaal Harlequins have decided, at a formal committee meeting, that, their object being to play open Rugby, they will, as far as possible, limit touch-finding in the defending twenty-five to their full-back. Moreover, it was decided that any player who kicked excessively to touch, contrary to the express instructions of the committee, should be dropped from the first team.

I am not quite sure what they mean by the defending twenty-five—whether, that 's to say, it is their own twenty-five or their opponents', or both—but it is at least clear that the Harlequins are determined to return to open attack. Incidentally, they would have had to drop Bennie Osler, the Springbok captain over here in 1931, like a hot brick, for never did a stand-off half make more determined and constant use of tactical touch-finding.

I always wondered whether Osler's tactics were typical of South African Rugby, and now we may assume that they were, unless the success of the Springbok tour led to a general adoption of the Osler scheme of attack. It was, mind you, an intelligent and clever scheme, with powerful forwards to back it up, and an astute understanding of the principles of the game behind it. No one will pretend, though, that it made for attractive or even interesting football, and it is good to know that the South Africans themselves have started the swing of the pendulum against it.

NATURALLY, there have been many comments on the Harlequin plan by leading Springbok Rugby authorities, and I note that Mr. Mervyn Ellis says that nowadays the result appears to be more important than the game, a shrewd remark with a great deal of truth in it. Mr. Eric Tucker makes the illuminating suggestion that in South Africa the half-backs are instructed to kick, and it is "left to tremendous packs of forwards to win matches."

THAT, in itself, takes us a step further. If the South African clubs have tremendous packs, there is no reason why they should not make proper use of them, and base their tactics on sound scrummaging and subsequent open attack. We know, moreover, something of the quality of these forwards; it will be a long time before we forget the Springbok steam-roller, which swept our own packs before it three years ago.

The whole business, in fact, is so much a matter of scrummaging that I am inclined to think the Harlequins have not probed to the root of their troubles. It is encouraging to find them taking serious thought—would that we might do likewise—but they are only half-way there if they blame everything upon excessive kicking, which is itself the outcome of faulty scrummaging and quick breaking. They hope, by banning touch-finding, to return "mid-field play and incident," but I am afraid such play will prove exasperatingly abortive unless it is based upon the true principles of forward work.

I think, moreover, that their forwards will have bellows to mend if they are unduly deprived of their breathers at the line-out. I remember taking part in a game between the Barbarians and Northampton, when an experiment was made with the New Zealand rule of allowing the full-back to find touch only on the first bounce, so to speak. The ball, that is to say, had to pitch in the field of play before it went over the line, which restricted touch-finding considerably. The result pretty well broke the forwards' hearts, and was mighty exhausting into the bargain.

Still, we shall watch the future reports of the Transvaal Harlequins' doings with sympathetic interest. If they are prepared to restrict kicking they must be in the experimental frame of mind which leads to great discoveries. I don't know whether they have an Adrian Stoop to inspire them, but they may well lead a revival of the game in South Africa.

IT hadn't occurred to me that we are suffering from excessive kicking over here; with us, I think, the trouble is just aimlessness and bad scrummaging. I see, by the way, that Mr. V. H. Neser is against the Harlequins' attempt to open up the game. The trouble in South Africa, he says, is that "The passing is so deplorably bad. I think I can go so far as to say that our Rugby has become dull through rank bad three-quarter play." And for the explanation of that Mr. Neser might profitably, I suggest, turn his attention to scrummaging.

Mr. Neser, incidentally, was the hero of the 'Varsity match in 1920, when he was taken out of the pack at the very last moment to play stand-off half in place of the crocked F. A. Waldock. Excellently well he played, too, and that reminds me of R. W. Shaw's performances for the Barbarians at Easter. Shaw, who represented Scotland on the wing this year, proved to be a first-rate stand-off half, and it was in this position that he should surely have played for Scotland. Perhaps the Scottish Selectors will take the lesson to heart next winter.

There are plenty of versatile players about to-day. Peter Hordern, the English forward, covered himself with glory as a full-back on the Barbarian tour; H. G. Owen-Smith started as a scrum-half in South Africa, and has since played in every position behind the scrummage, except wing three-quarter. K. C. Kinnersley is as useful on the wing as he is at full-back; K. C. Fyfe shows signs of developing into a most dangerous centre; K. H. Chapman, of the Harlequins, once a centre, is now a second-row forward; W. C. Powell, that great scrum-half, only missed by one vote being invited to play for Wales this season as a back-row forward, and a most dangerous skirmisher he would have made. This versatility is all to the good; all we need now is a solid foundation of intelligent team-work, and we 'll be ready for the All Blacks in 1935.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

WITH A DIFFERENCE

(and, of course, with apologies to Lewis Carroll)

"The piece I'm going to repeat," said Humpty Dumpty, "was not written entirely for your amusement. It contains a Moral. You know what Morals are, I suppose?"

"No, I don't think I do," said Alice.

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Humpty Dumpty, and began :—

I sent a waiter for a drink,
I told him "Guinness—large, I think."

The waiter soon returned, and he
Regretfully replied to me.

His disappointing answer was
"We cannot do it, Sir, because—"

He jerked his thumb towards the clock;
I looked at it; I got a shock.

"I'm afraid," said Alice, "I don't quite understand what the clock has got to do with it."

"Nor does anyone else," said Humpty Dumpty. "but it gets easier further on."

The waiter whispered in my ear;
"I will!" I answered, "Good idea!"

I tipped him once, I tipped him twice,
I thanked him for his sound advice.

I took a post-card, large and new,
Fit for the deed I had to do.

My heart went thump, my heart went hop;
I wrote an order to the shop.

I said to them, I said it pat,
"Send round twelve Guinness to my flat."

Next day there came, as sure as Fate,
A dozen Guinness in a crate.

I took a glass down from the shelf,
"And now," *I said, "I'll serve myself!"*

There was a long pause.

"Is that all?" Alice timidly asked.

"What more do you want?" said Humpty Dumpty.

"Goodbye."

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Arthur Mollett

"Freddy" Miers

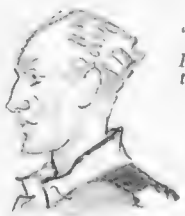
"Wilf" Auty, known to his friends as Emperor of Headingley

A. E. N. Yeadon, Hon. Treasurer

"Tich" McQuire, property man and touch judge as well

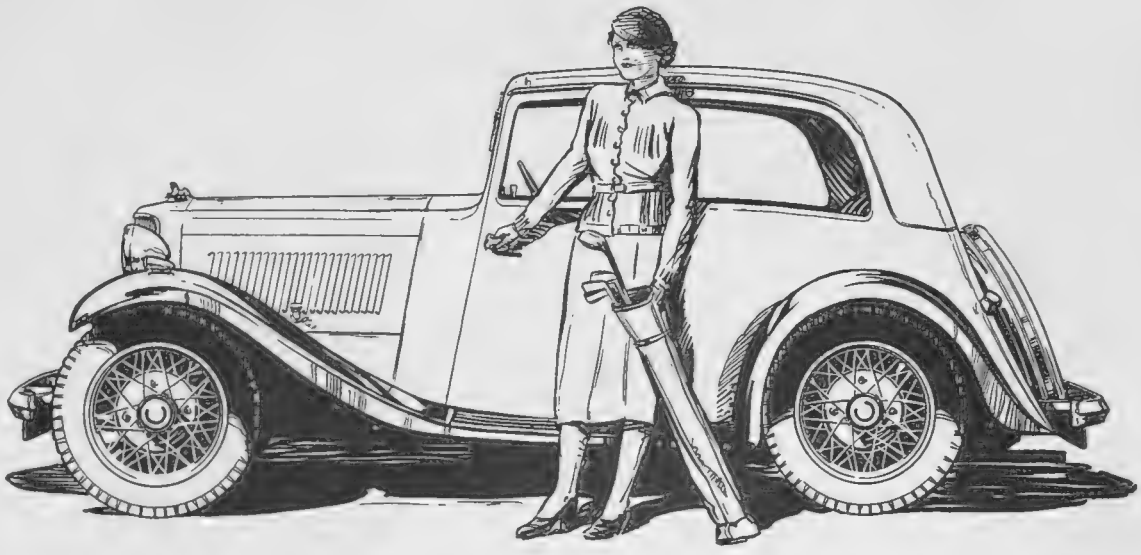
"Lu" Booth, International

M. J. Maurice Bullus, who has played in thirty-three matches this season



"Eric"—E. E. Bullus, who is a Leeds City Councillor

Some members of the Headingley Rugby Football Club, the team of the North founded in 1878, and whose thousandth recorded match has been played, as seen by H. H. Harris



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Caricatures by "Jonk"

"Joe" Harmsworth

His bonhomie matches his size

THE continuance of the "Jungle" boom reminds us of the American saying: "From shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves in three generations." It's been desert to jungle in a few months, and we hope the return journey won't be made so swiftly. "Jonk" stands opposite this market, and speaks, we think, rather bitterly of the noises that go on there, which he describes as a mixture of animal noises and "scat" singing. However, it has been said that "Kuaha" is an onomatope, and represents the sounds made by a gorilla when hungry, so perhaps his description wasn't inspired so much by east wind or jealousy of all the business being done as we thought at first.

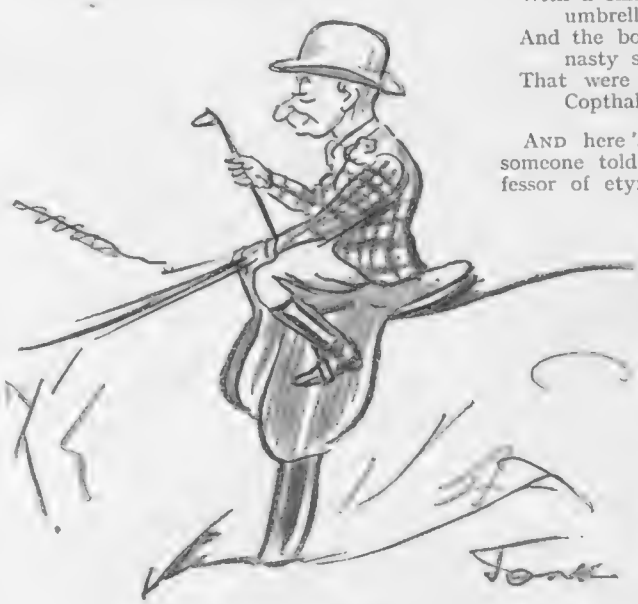
NOT that a lot of shouting always means a lot of business; there are quite a few members who are most vociferous when they've nothing better to do. But when the House is really busy there's a sort of steady hum of sound, a subdued and even-toned roar that goes on incessantly, and which the old hand hardly notices, but which, to a novice, is utterly bewildering. The "new boy" feels he will never get used to it, or be able to distinguish any one voice or sound through, over, or under it. No doubt the noise has a great deal to do with the nervous fatigue and deadly tiredness from which newcomers to the House suffer.

ONLY in the gilt-edged and foreign and home rails markets is shouting comparatively unknown. In fact, a new jobber in the gilt-edged reservation who once started to shout was told to move his barrow on.

AT last we have a picture of George Richardson from "Jonk"—one good result of his Jungle-watching. Only "George's" back has figured here before. Amid all the babel of shouting and bidding, he seldom leaves his comfortable seat, whereon he has sat for the whole thirty years of the Jungle's existence.

"JOE" HARMSWORTH is another full-sizer who lives up to the character that traditionally goes with such girth as his, by being one of the most good-natured and genial of men. He is, we gather, an expert on photographs, and also likes travelling, fresh air, and sunshine. He is a nephew of Lord Rothermere.

THE Proprietors have just received the accounts for the past year, from which we have gleaned a few figures for our public. There are nearly four thousand members of the Stock Exchange, but nearly six thousand people, in all, have access to the floor of the House. Heating costs are down by one-half on those of the year before, which may account for the draughts members have been grumbling about. In spite of the agitation for greater publicity, advertising expenses have been cut by nearly the same ratio. And those magnificent new doors of the strong-room cost over £4000; a couple of thousand per door may seem expensive, but is a good deal cheaper than a first-class burglary.



George Wolff

Who's afraid, etc.?

COMING events include the point-to-point on Saturday, which is being run over a course at Sherenden Farm, near Tonbridge, in the West Kent country. We hope to have more to say later about the good day's racing and all the fun that this outing gives everyone. As a topical illustration, "Jonk" has drawn George Wolff, who has been a very fine steeplechase jockey in his day, and is now a regular Row rider. George Rothschild once suggested that as George Wolff had given up steeplechasing, he might like to take up riding greyhounds instead. He is very dapper in dress, often wears in the House the grey bowler which he's got on in his picture, and has, as alternative, a black felt "Foreign Office" hat, which, owing to Mr. Wolff's size, looks something like a sombrero.

ANOTHER coming event is *No, No, Nanette*, at the New Scala, from to-morrow to the end of the week. All the old gang will be there, putting up as good a show as usual.

WHO knows who the gentleman is who inspired the two following "pomes"?—

The Blue-Button Boy of yesterday
Is now a partner, I'm sorry to say,
For he wears a top-hat, and remarks with disdain
From Copthall Avenue's lofty plain
To the other old boys with buttons blue,
"And who the hell do you think are you?"

As a timid young Blue-Button we can remember
A man who's been made both a partner and member.
Since promotion he's turned out a hell of a feller,
With a shining top-hat and a well-rolled umbrella,
And the boys mutter, "You've smelt a nasty smell, haven't you?"
That were lately his colleagues around Copthall Avenue.

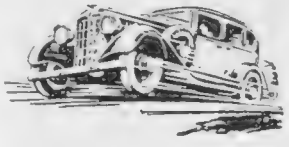
AND here's a nice drawing-room story someone told us: There was once a professor of etymology who had published a dictionary. One day his wife found him with the pretty parlourmaid in his arms. "George," she said, "I *am* surprised!" He replied: "My dear, I wish you'd read my book, and get these words right. *I* am surprised, *you* are astonished."

George Richardson

Thirty years in the same seat

ROOMINESS

A luxurious four-seater saloon with space for a fifth if needs be. Deep form-fitting seats with real leather upholstery. Leg room to suit a "six-footer," with lots of head and elbow room. Adjustable front seats. Sensibly wide doors.



PERFORMANCE

Exhilarating acceleration that is remarkably smooth and quiet. From walking pace to 50 m.p.h. in just over 20 seconds. Fine turn of speed, the 14 h.p. model 65-70 m.p.h., the 12 h.p. model 60-65 m.p.h.

NO-DRAUGHT VENTILATION

Vauxhall's new boon to motoring comfort gives fresh air without draughts. As much or as little fresh air as each individual wants without draughts to other passengers. No more stuffiness and tobacco fumes.

EASY GEAR CHANGE

You can make a faultless gear change every time with Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh. No double-declutching—no feeling for gears—nothing new to learn, just some of the old, tedious things to forget. 4-speed gearbox. Silent third gear.

WHAT IS YOUR IDEAL LIGHT CAR?

Did you ever "build a car in the air"? Did you ever examine cars in a showroom and say to yourself "I would have *this* from that car and *that* from the other, on my ideal light car"?

Not deliberately and consciously, perhaps. But, though you may not be aware of it, throughout your motoring experience you have been building up a mental picture of what a car *should* be. This is your ideal. Your standard of values.

Measure the Vauxhall Light Six by that standard. Distinctive appearance, Super Synchro-Mesh easy gear change, finger light controls, restful comfort, exhilarating performance combined with low first cost and economical running—these surely are some of the features you demand? And they are all features of the Vauxhall Light Six!

One by one, as you enumerate the qualities of your ideal car, you find them embodied in the Vauxhall Light Six. And, with this, surprise grows into delight, delight into enthusiasm, until the Vauxhall Light Six stands out as one of the most satisfying investments life can offer you!

Your local Vauxhall dealer will give you a trial run or write direct to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, N.W.9.

VAUXHALL

LIGHT SIX—12 h.p. and 14 h.p.

STANDARD SALOON (12 h.p. model only) £195 *Sliding Roof £5 extra*
DE LUXE SALOON (12 h.p. or 14 h.p.) *with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation and eleven other refinements* **£215.**

The 12 h.p. model for true Vauxhall performance at lowest operating costs.
The 14 h.p. model for the maximum acceleration and an extra turn of speed.

VAUXHALL BIG SIX—Light Six value on a larger scale. 20 h.p. Saloon with Vauxhall No-Draught Ventilation, £325. 7-seater Limousine, £550.

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

Above: Sir Francis Lacey, late Secretary to the M.C.C., giving a few hints on batting to his step-son, Campbell Walker

Right: Lady Mary Grosvenor in her Riley with Miss Powell at the Lancashire and Cheshire Car Club's Derbyshire Trials

THIS is the first time I've approached you, cap in hand, as a beggar, but I do so on this occasion on behalf of "Playing Fields Day," a worthy cause if ever there was one.

Flags will be sold all over the country to-day in aid of the National Playing Fields Association, and I'm sure you'll agree with me that it's up to us to make a bumper success of the day. Most of you know, I dare say, how splendid the work of the Playing Fields Association has been: in six years 1152 new playing fields and recreation grounds have been provided, at a total cost of approximately two-and-a-half-million pounds. What is more, the Association has co-operated with the Trade Union Congress General Council in providing sports gear and equipment for the unemployed, a very necessary activity.

If you have seen anything of the congested areas in our industrial towns, you will need no convincing that the provision of playing grounds for children is most urgent. If you think, as I do, that it is essential for the younger generation to play games themselves, instead of watching them only, you will give as much as you can possibly afford for your flag.

I had a long talk about it all with Major B. C. Hartley, the Chairman of the Playing Fields Day Committee, and he left me entirely convinced of the urgency and importance of the work done by the Association. Major Hartley, incidentally, has a genius for organisation, as the Army Rugby football authorities realise, and the reference book which he now produces annually, dealing with sport in the Army, is an extraordinarily useful and interesting volume.

TALKING of Rugby football, I'm sorry to hear that Cliff Jones, the Welsh stand-off half, has broken an ankle, playing against Harvard for the Cambridge team which is touring America. I hope the bone will mend properly, and that his speed off the mark will not be affected. I'm not surprised, incidentally, that Cambridge have already had a serious casualty, for these Americans do go very tigerishly at their games. And, thinking it over, I wonder whether it is really wise to stir up interest in Rugby football in the United States. Several people have said to me lately, "Yes, it's all very well, but what's going to happen when the Americans realise that our game is far safer, just as fast and interesting as their own game? If they take it up, as they almost certainly will, we shall be forced to play International matches against them, and then Heaven help us, for they'll be trained to the last ounce, and as hard and husky as prize-fighters, and the result will be far more important, in the American view, than the game."

I'M inclined to think that is true. I mentioned last week, didn't I? how shattering it was to play against the team of Californian undergraduates who came over here a few years ago. That American team went on, after losing to the Harlequins and Blackheath, to play against the full strength of France. They played on a broiling day, which was supposed to favour the Frenchmen from the South, but the Americans outlasted their opponents, ran them off their feet, and won easily in the second half. And I remember being told by the referee afterwards that he had never seen such a remarkably fit team, and that they were hardly sweating at the end of it all, and quite capable of beginning all over again.

THERE are, by the way, certain complications cropping up in the boxing world. The British Boxing Board of Control have, quite reasonably, permitted the irrepressible George Cook and the crafty Don McCorkindale to meet in an eliminating contest for the British heavy-weight championship. Had they left it at that all would have been well, but they have further stipulated that Jack Petersen should meet the winner for the right to challenge Len Harvey. Now it has already been arranged that Harvey and Petersen should fight at the White City in June, and this match, being over fifteen rounds, must clearly be for the championship. It would, at any rate, be very hard on the promoters if the title aspect of it were removed, for it is this which will give it real importance. Possibly the B.B.B.C. overlooked this, and they may disentangle the situation by ruling that the White City winner should meet the winner of the Cook-McCorkindale scrap.

I write this, incidentally, before the clash between Harvey and Tarante, who may puzzle our champion considerably. It seems to me that the result of this fight must turn on Harvey's ability to tie up his man at close quarters, and I suppose there are few modern boxers more subtle at this branch of the game than Harvey

The Countess of Radnor, who competed in the Ladies' Race at the New Forest Hunts Point-to-Point Meeting at Abbot's Farm, Neacroft

ALREADY the game of picking the English Test team has begun. Who would you choose for the first Test at Nottingham, purely on last season's form? Sutcliffe and Walters to open, presumably; Hammond unquestionably next; Leyland after that, do you think?; Mitchell as No. 5, perhaps, or Barnett or Bakewell; Ames, Robins, Allen (Captain), Verity, Larwood, and Clarke. That might do, but Larwood and Allen, alas, are doubtful starters, and perhaps we should bring in Wyatt as Captain and No. 5—with Nichols, Bowes and Voce among the bowling reserves. It is going to be very difficult, and I certainly don't envy the Selectors their job. I only hope that they'll pick their captain soon, and take his advice as frequently as possible.

Is it after all so unreasonable that you are to some extent judged by your clothes? To dress carelessly, unsuitably, inadequately—this is one of the incompetences of life. In a hurried world judgments from first impressions, from appearances, are inevitable—as inevitable as the advantages of the New Tailoring—which allows you to choose clothes instead of cloth—to try suits on instead of trying to imagine how a pattern will make up. • *We make some lounge suits costing more than six guineas and some costing less.*

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Austin Reed

OF REGENT STREET

ELEVEN 'NEW TAILORING' CENTRES

West End: 103-113 Regent Street, W.1 24 Coventry Street, W.1 City: 13 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3

Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol, Belfast

P.3444 AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

Left : the new Bentley, in addition to its other merits, is a strikingly good-looking car. It is built very low to the ground, yet the coach-work permits ample head-room, and the seating arrangements are both comfortable and luxurious

Below : the radiator follows traditional Bentley design, and this front view of the car is distinctly pleasing. The general "lines" suggest speed with stability—both of which qualities the car possesses in a high degree

Cars with a Personality

The 3½-litre Bentley

By the Earl of Cardigan

Left : the saloon model is fitted with a very useful luggage-locker. There is room for a number of suit-cases, and a kit of tools is also very neatly stowed. A good feature is the trap-door giving access to the petrol-filler

It is not easy, and it is seldom profitable, to sum up a motor-car in a single phrase. None the less, I believe that, after a day spent recently at the wheel of the new Bentley, I happened to coin a very fair "potted" description of this remarkable sports model. I characterised it as "perhaps the most successful mechanical compromise ever designed."

That it is a compromise is undeniable. It is contrary to the nature of any petrol engine to deliver maximum power in absolute silence. It is impossible for any chassis to be perfectly compact while offering ample body-space. In a word, it is inconceivable that the ultimate extremes of efficiency and luxury should ever co-exist.

None the less, the new Bentley is not only successful but, in my opinion, brilliantly so. As regards speed, for instance, the engine (25.3 h.p.) has been so designed as to be practically soundless even at its maximum rate of revolutions. This does not prevent the car from comfortably exceeding 90 m.p.h. Under favourable conditions, close on 100 m.p.h. can be recorded.

Similarly, although the coachwork is thoroughly practical and comfortable, a superlative degree of "handiness" has been achieved. The Bentley takes its corners like a racing model, and is so remarkably steady at high speeds that 70 or even 80 m.p.h. seems no more than a comfortable cruising pace. In this connection, it is worth noting that the new India "Speed Special" type of tyre is employed. This was introduced at last year's Motor Show, and in it the important matters of tread design, balance, and finish are admirably adapted for combining comfort, speed, and safety.

The gear-box, with synchro-mesh third and top gears, is exceedingly simple to use ; yet it could hardly be more efficient for high-speed purposes. The excellent third gear is capable of any speed from zero up to 75 or even 80 m.p.h. This, combined with the engine's extreme flexibility, means that very swift, smooth acceleration is at all times available.

The steering, while very light at low speeds, is remarkably definite in its action. The springing is admirable for high-speed running, while singularly free from the "hardness" which is apt to characterise sports-car suspension. The brakes are of great power, but at all times perfectly smooth and progressive in their operation.

Ambitious though the Bentley combination of speed with refinement may seem, there is therefore astonishingly little scope for criticism in any department of the car's actual performance. The non-rattling, but also non-opening, windscreen may perhaps be cited as a dubious minor feature.

An outstanding merit is the supreme ease with which really high *average* speeds are maintained. With the driver making no conscious effort, and with the car gliding along without a sound or tremor, it is only by the speedometer that one can realise how big a mileage per hour is being covered. There may be cars—although very few—which can outpace the new Bentley in a road race. If there were ever a contest, however, in which it was obligatory for the man at the wheel to lean back, smoke a cigarette, and keep up a flow of light conversation with his back-seat passengers—then I would back this 3½-litre car to win it by a very comfortable margin! CARDIGAN.

Motor Notes

The Circle of Nineteenth-Century Motorists invite all who are eligible to apply for enrolment. This Circle was founded in 1926, and all are eligible who owned and/or drove a mechanically-propelled vehicle prior to the conclusion of the first 1000-mile Trial of April-May 1900. The annual subscription is £1, and application for membership should be made to Lt.-Com. M. Grahame-White,

(*Continued on page* ii)

Wonderful New Tyres

INDIA
SUPER SPECIAL
FOR SUPER CARS

This new range transcends all previous standards, and includes the 5.50—18 Speed Special, which is the standard original equipment tyre on the new 3½-litre BENTLEY car.

INDIA
SPEED SPECIAL
FOR THE FINEST SPORTS CARS

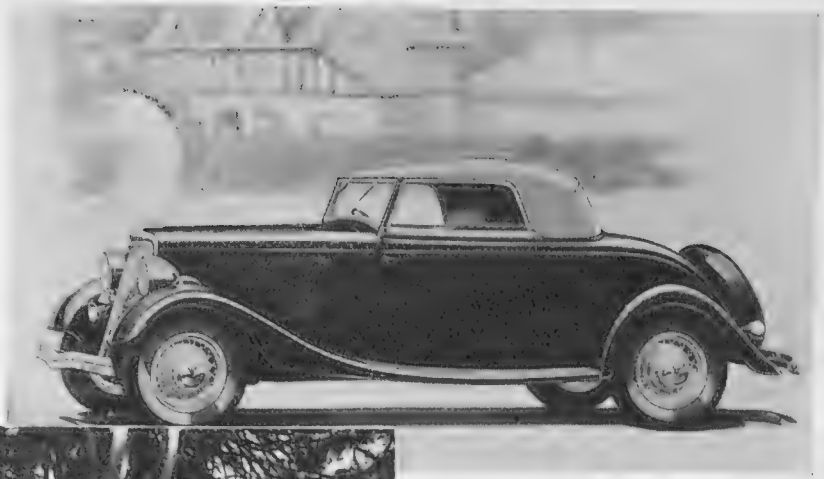
351

INDIA TYRE AND RUBBER COMPANY LTD., INCHINNAN, SCOTLAND.

Motor Notes

(Continued from page 132)

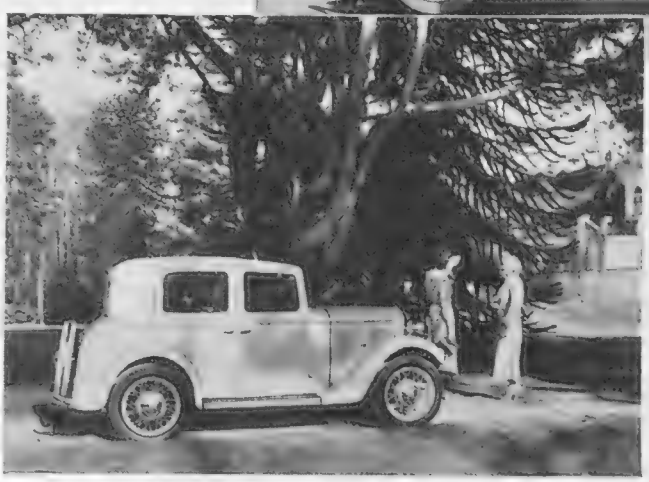
who, at the last annual general meeting, wished to retire from the post of Honorary Secretary, but was sternly forbidden to do so. At this meeting, Sir Percival Perry, K.B.E., was elected President by acclamation, and thus succeeded to the office, which was previously held by Sir William Letts. The members of the Committee are Lieut.-Colonel Walter Bersey, Lieut.-Colonel T. B. Browne, Captain J. Sydney Critchley, Mr. Edgar N. Duffield, Mr. S. F. Edge, Lieut.-Commander Montague Grahame-White, and Sir Percival Perry, and they would welcome old-time motorists who are not yet members of the Circle.



A popular car of the day. The new Ford V-8 cabriolet, which is priced at £265, and with its low, raking body and streamline appearance, gives the hint of speed which it can attain

New Triumph Motor Club

THE club for Triumph owners which was formed just over two years ago, has been reorganised, and under the new rules the Triumph Motor Club will be one of the few "one-make" clubs affiliated to the R.A.C. Mr. S. Bettmann, the founder of the Triumph Company, is President, and the Vice-Presidents include Lieut.-Colonel C. V. Holbrook, J.P., Mr. Maurice Newnham, and Mr. J. S. Billinghurst. Mr. J. J. Walsh and Mr. J. C. Ridley (both of the Triumph Co., Ltd., Coventry) are Hon. Secretary and Hon. Trials Secretary respectively. London, Northern, and North-Eastern Centres are already in existence, and other centres will be formed shortly. Membership is in two classes. Ordinary members must be owners of Triumph cars, but non-owners are eligible for associate membership. Associate members, however, may not compete as entrants or drivers in any event organised by the club, and are not entitled to R.A.C. benefits. Ordinary membership costs £1 2s. for cars of 10 h.p. and under, and £1 6s. for cars above 10 h.p., these fees carrying with them associate membership of the R.A.C. Full particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary.



A Hillman "Minx" Club Saloon in the grounds of the Berystede Hotel, Ascot, beside the "Monkey Puzzle" tree which, it is understood, was planted by Queen Elizabeth

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

"I want to stress this quality of safety, for it is fundamental. Without it, all the power of the 40/50 h.p. engine under the long bonnet would be of little value. Instead of being an obedient servant it would be an unruly monster. As it is, so perfect is the road-holding, so accurate the steering, and so powerful the brakes, that one can use every ounce of power that the motor can give. At speed along great international roads, or swinging the car one-handed, round the tricky turns of an Alpine pass .... It needs no "getting used to". From the outset one instinctively feels that no situation can arise in which one has the slightest doubt of one's ability to cope with it.... At all speeds I can sit back in supreme comfort, never consciously 'driving' at any time. The brakes are very light to apply, extremely powerful, and I think, the smoothest I have ever come across."

H. E. Symons, 'Sketch' 28th Feb. 1934

All 40/50 h.p. Phantom II chassis are now fitted with the new ROLLS-ROYCE CONTROLLABLE SEMI-AUTOMATIC HYDRAULIC DAMPER SYSTEM *to the road springs. This device enables the driver, by the movement of a small lever on the steering wheel, to adjust the operation of the shock absorbers, to suit varying speeds, road conditions and loads*

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139.71 m.p.h.
by Napier-Railton on Easter Monday

"If there were a better oil I should use it"

John Cobb.

WAKEFIELD Castrol MOTOR OIL

Our Coming Review of the Year in the Air: By Charles Ward

Learning to Fly

ALMOST any type of British light 'plane is suitable for instruction. The original Gipsy Moth is still most popular with the clubs, because it is cheap to operate, but those with a balance at the bank have been investing quite recently in the faster Moth with a Gipsy Major. Avians and a few Bluebirds still do their stuff with monotonous regularity in the counties, whilst the new Klemm, built at Hanworth, and the Miles "Hawk," are examples of the low-wing monoplane which have found favour at certain centres. In the Service, training aircraft in the light 'plane class are confined to the Tiger Moth, the Avro "Trainer," and the B.2 Trainer, the latter a development of the Bluebird, and built of metal. The sales organisation of the B.2 is in the hands of Aircraft Exchange and Mart, which has its service station at Hanworth and also holds the concession for the Airspeed "Courier."

Direct Services by Air

THE *A.B.C., Bradshaw,* or whatever you are accustomed to consult, is of little value when travelling by air, and, therefore, an accurate time-table of air services to the Continent is a welcome addition to the works of reference of our time. The Aircraft and General Finance Corporation, of Bush House, has published such a time-table, which is concise, containing only the essential information, and is arranged alphabetically by the principal cities in Europe and in North Africa which can be reached by air from London. No charge is made for this vade mecum, which will be useful to every traveller. At all airports there are air taxis, and several companies will accept charters at any hour of the night as well as by day. B.A.N.C.O., of Heston, made a midnight journey to Paris a week or so ago with five passengers travelling on business. The fee for hiring a 1500-horse-power Ford with a crew of three at midnight is considerable, so one must hope that the business was successful.

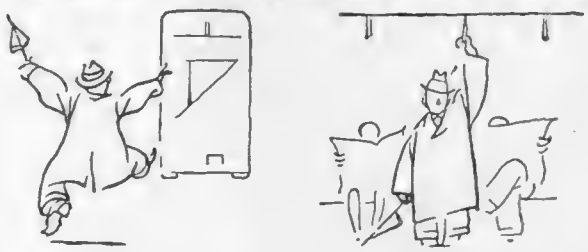
The Marquess of Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air, with the Avro Club Cadet, which he has just bought for his own use. On the left is Captain Baker, chief instructor at Heston, who taught Lord Londonderry to fly, and on the right Mr. Brian Allen, manager of Henly's, the concessionaires for Avros

Our Seventh Annual Flying Number

ON May 1st we shall publish our Annual Flying Number for the seventh year in succession. On this occasion, THE BYSTANDER is honoured by an article from Lord Londonderry, Secretary of State for Air, who is writing on Air Travel, with special reference to his recent tour of India and the Middle East. Mr. K. C. Gandar Dower contributes an article on Long-Distance Flying, from the point of view of the private owner; and Commander H. E. Perrin a concise history of the Flying Clubs. A double centre and a cartoon of well-known club members in colours, with numerous topical illustrations, will accompany these features, together with THE BYSTANDER'S review of the year in the air.

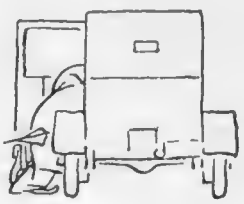
Come along to the TALBOT 1934 SHOW

APRIL 16—21 From 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.



All this week virtually our entire organisation will be devoted to the amazing new 1934 Talbot. All models will be on view from £395, also Special Bodywork on all the Talbot Chassis. Expert Demonstrators will be ready to take you out for a free trial run. All Special and Standard Models will be ready for immediate delivery. Come along and experience the joy of driving in this pre-eminently solid and lively London Made Car, with self-changing gear, hand-controlled shock-absorbers, front and rear direction indicators, one-shot lubrication, immensely powerful brakes and a hundred-and-one other comforts which make the Talbot the best medium priced car for the owner driver.

★ ★ *See the wonderful exhibition of Paintings and Drawings of Speed Cars by F. Gordon-Crosby the famous motoring artist of "The Autocar"*



★ ★ *Hear the New Model Philco Car Radio, the greatest advance in car equipment of recent years.*

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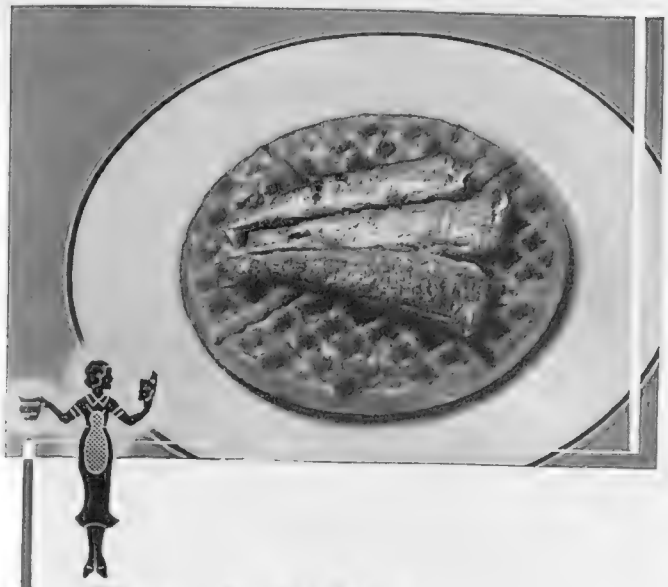
REALISE WHY 1934 IS A TALBOT YEAR

WAFFLES!



Try waffles with Sardines for lunch

Sardines served on freshly-made cold WAFFLES make a delicious light luncheon dish. Try also WAFFLES with Russian Salad and Mayonnaise Sauce or with chopped Ham, Curried Eggs or Baked Beans. For the "Sweet," hot WAFFLE is delightful with Chocolate Sauce or Caramel Custard or with warmed Mincemeat. Try WAFFLES for variety!

WAFFLES made with eggs, milk and flour, or specially prepared WAFFLE FLOUR are most easily, quickly and cleanly cooked by electricity. The SOLON ELECTRIC WAFFLER is all ready to plug into a lighting or heating point—simply switch on and in three or four minutes the waffle is perfectly cooked on both sides without turning. There are innumerable ways of delighting your family and friends with Waffles. Write for

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SOLON ELECTRIC WAFFLER

THIRTY-TWO AND SIXPENCE

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STOW-ON-THE-WOLD

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SHELL ON THE ROAD

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

The Gentle Art of Being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

FACE LIFTING

A Woman Practitioner whose work restores not only "contour" but courage to women whose careers or happiness are threatened by the encroachment of age

THE more experience I gain of beauty culture, in all its forms, the more certain I become that beautification and rejuvenation make most important contributions to psychological and neurological well-being. I have seen letters from women who have had rejuvenating treatment and have even spoken with them, and the general tone is: "I feel so much better and so much *happier*."

The time has passed for plastic surgery to be regarded as a joke or as something fabulous, applicable only to a phenomenal "eternal flapper" or to film-stars. It is a practical reality, and probably the majority of women who resort to this form of treatment are not actresses or Society beauties, but professional women, whose careers depend on a youthful appearance. Professional men (especially in the legal world) can *boast* of longevity, but every woman is "too old at forty"—if she looks it!

I was struck by one sentence in a letter from a woman who had had her face "lifted" (a maddening but ineradicable term!). She said: "The time will come when people will realise that it is as necessary to arrest the process of decay in one's face as it is to do so in one's teeth."

I HAVE had the privilege of a conversation with (I might almost say, a cross-examination of!) Madame Manners, the only woman plastic-surgeon in London, and I have seen one of her patients, a very pretty woman, who, if I met her casually, I would say was about thirty. There were no lines beneath her blue eyes, no scars to show that there had been any operative interference; the contour of her fair-skinned face was that of a girl. Behind her ears were small, almost invisible scars. She admitted that she had a daughter of twenty-one.

It was very generous of her to exhibit to me the results of her treatment. A woman who has benefited from a beauty mask or cream will gladly tell her friends the source of her "rejuvenation," but, for some obscure psychological reason, women seem ashamed to admit that they owe recaptured youth and beauty to a plastic surgeon.

Madame Manners, who devotes her life to this work and numbers among her clients princesses and quite poor women, and who is so interested in her work that she will accept clients at what we call "nominal" fees, believes that this is woman's work, because, psychologically and tangibly, a woman is more sensitive and sympathetic. She would welcome other women, qualified and trained, in the field, and regard them as co-operators rather than competitors. She concentrates on modelling rather than "lifting." She says women do not want to be spectacularly rejuvenated and altered. They want to look better and therefore to feel better. Her treatments are gentle, scientific and antiseptic, and the use of local anæsthetic makes them painless. She is such an enthusiast that she is always willing to explain and demonstrate to anyone interested without their feeling that there is any obligation for them to have treatment if they are not convinced.

One cannot "recommend" a treatment which involves surgery; it is a personal decision and a personal risk, but there are physical conditions and personal considerations which make cosmetic surgery, really well executed, a subject of increasing interest to-day, when a woman *must* look as young as she feels.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON APRIL

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

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A popular

Hair Dressing

THE popular plait with curled ends, which has so adequately provided a change in hairdressing modes and is a novelty for both day or evening wear, is here seen on a charming and becoming model from our West End Salons. It is shown in conjunction with a "Universal" Transformation but can be supplied with or without curls for wear in several ways, from 42/-

Consult us on all hair problems. Full satisfaction, strict secrecy, prompt delivery, moderate charges. Call on the Manageress at 1, Berners Street, or write to-day for illustrated brochure (B).

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The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water
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In order to ward off attacks of RHEUMATISM and its attendant troubles, always drink this famous NATURAL Mineral Water, which is Nature's own antidote for this painful affection.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals

OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE.

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Here is a charming film-star who, knowing the importance of beautiful hair, uses ROWLANDS MACASSAR OIL. A little of this tonic and dressing well rubbed into the scalp every day will soon give you lovely luxuriant hair.

3/6, 7/- & 10/6

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THE THEATRE

Plays

THE BRIDE.—Gyles Isham as William Hurlbut's wandering evangelist; Kyrle Bellew as the woman he converts; Reginald Bach as her husband: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—Cedric Hardwicke and Edith Evans continue to act inimitably in the play about the lost masterpiece of a dead artist: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—Elmer Rice's breathlessly energetic play, with Hugh Miller excellent as the counsellor, Elspeth Duxbury as his secretary, and a cast that keeps going at top-speed: Piccadilly, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes are revived twice daily: Ambassadors, 2.30 and 8.15 (except Monday).

DOUBLE DOOR.—Sybil Thorndike superbly Grand Guignol, and especially when she goes mad; Owen Nares as her brother, and Carol Goodner as her sister-in-law whom she claps into a vault, in a Victorian melodrama that's full of excitement and horror: Globe, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES.—English stage version of the German play and film success; Desmond Tester heads the cast of twenty boys: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner acts brilliantly, but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FIRST EPISODE.—A first play, uneven but amusing, on the female complications of University life, with Barbara Hoffe and Meriel Forbes as the complications, Patrick Waddington and William Fox as their victims: Comedy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE LAUGHING WOMAN.—Stephen Haggard and Veronica Turleigh perfectly matched in the sensitive vitality and beauty of their playing as Gordon Daviot's young artist and the woman who inspires, loves, and looks after him: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL.—A legal play, with Frances Doble, Malcolm Keen, Nigel Playfair, Leon M. Lion, Aubrey Mather: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

MACBETH.—Charles Laughton's Macbeth and Flora Robson's Lady Macbeth magnificent in their tragedy and horror; a fine end to the Vic-Wells season: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MASK AND THE FACE.—Jeanne de Casalis, Franklin Dyall, and Ivan Sampson in a play from the Italian: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PRIVATE ROOM.—Alan Napier as the peer who wants a divorce, and Thea Holme as the girl who acts as paid and innocent co-respondent, in N. Royde-Smith's comedy: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour in Robert Sherwood's play as acted by Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Cecil Parker, and Clive Currie: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RUTH DRAPER.—Three-weeks' season, from April 23rd: Haymarket.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL at Stratford-on-Avon, nightly at 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Birthday play, *Love's Labour's Lost*: April 23rd.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Antoinette Cellier) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Godfrey Tearle); Muriel Aked and Helen Haye are in the cast: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

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CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play; the author, studied and grave, as an elderly Duke; perfect décor and dresses: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GOLDEN TOY.—Ludwig Berger's Arabian Night, with Peggy Ashcroft, Ion Swinley, Ernest Thesiger, Nellie Wallace: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical-comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THREE SISTERS.—A sentimentally spectacular musical-comedy, with Charlotte Greenwood, Adele Dixon, and Victoria Hopper as the sisters; Eliot Makeham, Stanley Holloway, and Albert Burdon as the leading men; and some real geese: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD MORNING, BILL.—Peter Haddon, Winifred Shotter, Phyllis Monkman, and Laurence Grossmith in P. G. Wodehouse's light-hearted comedy, which is as funny as ever it was: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

INDOOR FIREWORKS.—A farcical comedy with a bit too much tu-quoque humour in the family quarrels of Fay Compton, Lady Tree, Mary Brough, Reginald Gardiner: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

WITHOUT WITNESS.—Nicholas Hannen, Hugh E. Wright, and Joan Marion in Anthony Armstrong's and Harold Simpson's murder thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

THERE'S ALWAYS TO-MORROW.—Mary Newcomb as a jealous mother; Hargrave Pawson and Viola Keats as her son and daughter-in-law; Austin Trevor as her second husband: Shaftesbury, to-night, 8.30.

OPERA

OPERA.—The Vic-Wells season continues at Sadler's Wells.

CINEMAS

THE BATTLE.—Charles Boyer and Merle Oberon as a Japanese naval commander and his wife, who sacrifice honour for patriotism, give moving performances; John Loder and Betty Stockfield are their English opposites: Capital.

CATHERINE THE GREAT.—Elizabeth Bergner's first English film is now showing at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

CHARLEMAGNE.—French satirical comedy, with Raimu excellent as the stoker who became king of a desert island; Marie Glory the only girl: Academy.

COME ON, MARINES.—An all-laughing film, with Richard Arlen, Ida Lupino, Roscoe Karns and Toby Wing: Plaza.

EASY TO LOVE.—With Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor, and Adolphe Menjou in family complications. FROM HEADQUARTERS.—George Brent and Margaret Lindsay in a thriller: Regal.

LADY OF THE BOULEVARDS.—Anna Sten, the new star, as the cocotte in the film of Emile Zola's *Nana*: Tivoli.

MORGENROT.—The brilliantly photographed German U-boat film has Rudolf Forster as the Commander, Else Knott, Fritz Geuschow and Adele Sandrock in the cast: Curzon.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Margaret Sullavan, another Hollywood discovery, as a girl who loved and was left, and John Boles as the man who found out too late: New Gallery.

RIPTIDE.—The lovely Norma Shearer's new film, with Robert Montgomery, Herbert Marshall, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell (her first talkie): Empire.

ROMAN SCANDALS.—Eddie Cantor's new riot of nonsense, aided by Ruth Etting, Gloria Stuart, and lots of girls: Leicester Square Theatre.

WONDER BAR.—Al Jolson's singing, dancing and humour are his best yet; the star cast of this musical comedy includes Dolores del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Dick Powell: Carlton.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Adrian Boult conducts the last concert of the series; Schubert's Unfinished, and Brahms 1st Symphonies; Walton's Viola Concerto, played by Lionel Tertis: Queen's Hall, April 18th, 8.15.

R.P.S.—Sir Thomas Beecham conducts Berlioz's Te Deum, Hadyn's C major Symphony, and "Prince Igor" Choral Dances; soloist, Francis Russell: Queen's Hall, April 19th, 8.15.

Recitals

ALMA MOODIE AND EDUARD ERDMANN.—Violin and piano recital, Bach-Beethoven-Busoni: Wigmore Hall, April 17th, 8.30.

ADELA VERNE.—Bach-Beethoven piano recital: Wigmore Hall, April 17th, 3.

PAUL ROBESON.—Song recital. Also Vitya Vrousky and Victor Babin, duo pianists: Queen's Hall, April 17, 8.15.

ROCK FERRIS.—Piano recital: Æolian Hall, April 18th, 8.30.

JOHN HUNT.—Beethoven, Schumann, and Schubert sonatas; only recital this season: Wigmore Hall, April 18th, 8.30.

THIBAUD.—A Franck-Debussy-Vivaldi programme: Æolian Hall, April 19th, 8.15.

SCHNABEL AND HUBERMANN.—Sonata recital: Queen's Hall, April 21st, 3.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Carolin Buchman and her seven American girls do some good dancing stuff; Howard Jacobs and his band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Marion Harris is back again with some new songs and old favourites; Roy Fox and his band play for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Louis Simmonds and his band (late Embassy Club) play dance music, and there is a cabaret. Hostesses' nights are Wednesday and Friday.

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CHEZ QUAGLINO.—The Andrée trio dance; Van Straten's band plays dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—Last weeks of the New York Midnight Follies of 1934, with Mitzi Mayfair as star-dancer; Jack Jackson's band plays.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new Grosvenor Gaieties, with some lovely English girls, dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moscheto's and Syd Lipton's bands: extension night, Thursday.

ODONE'S.—A new cabaret every week is good, but secondary to the question of food.

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Ballrooms

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CHILDREN THROUGHOUT THE AGES.—In aid of Greater London Fund for the Blind: Chesterfield House, from April 20th.

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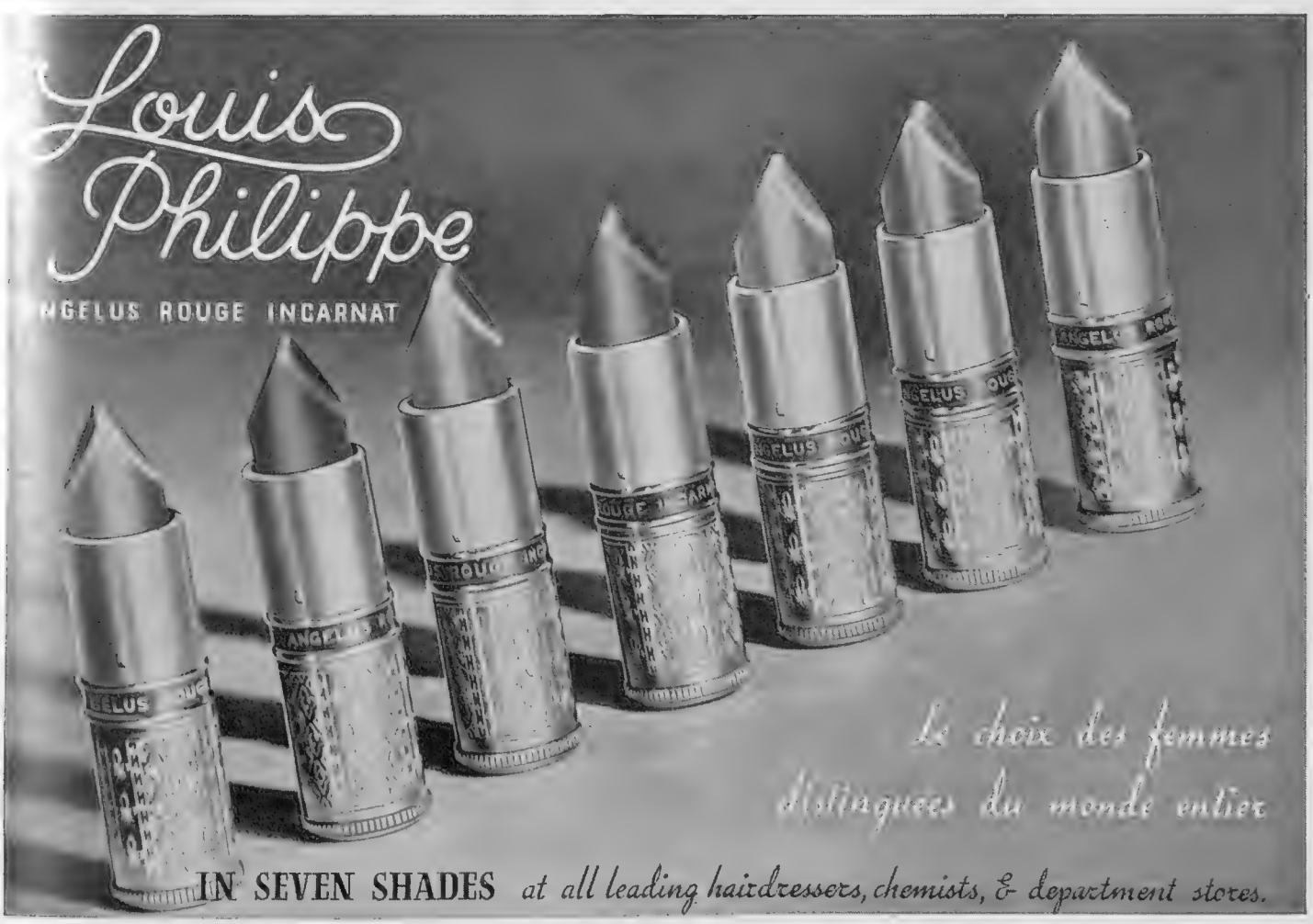

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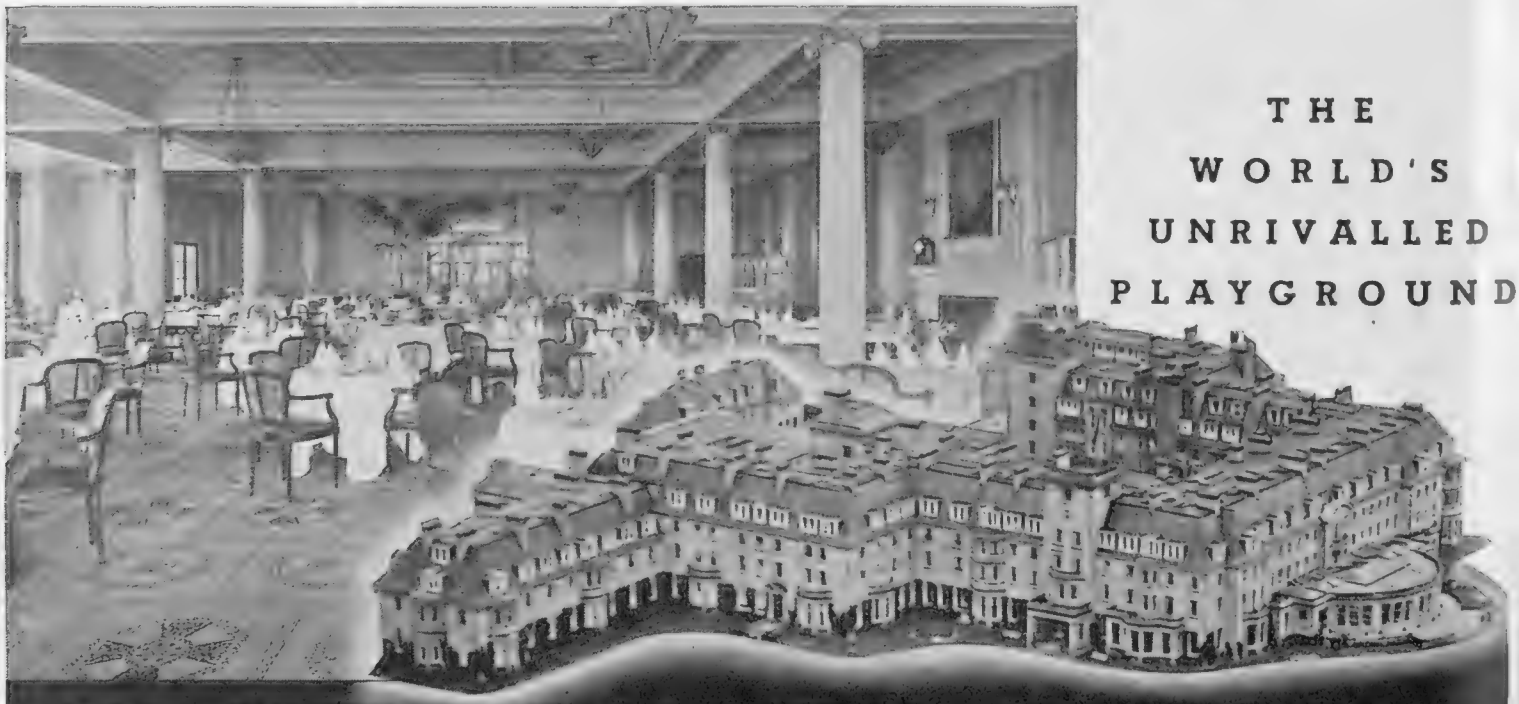

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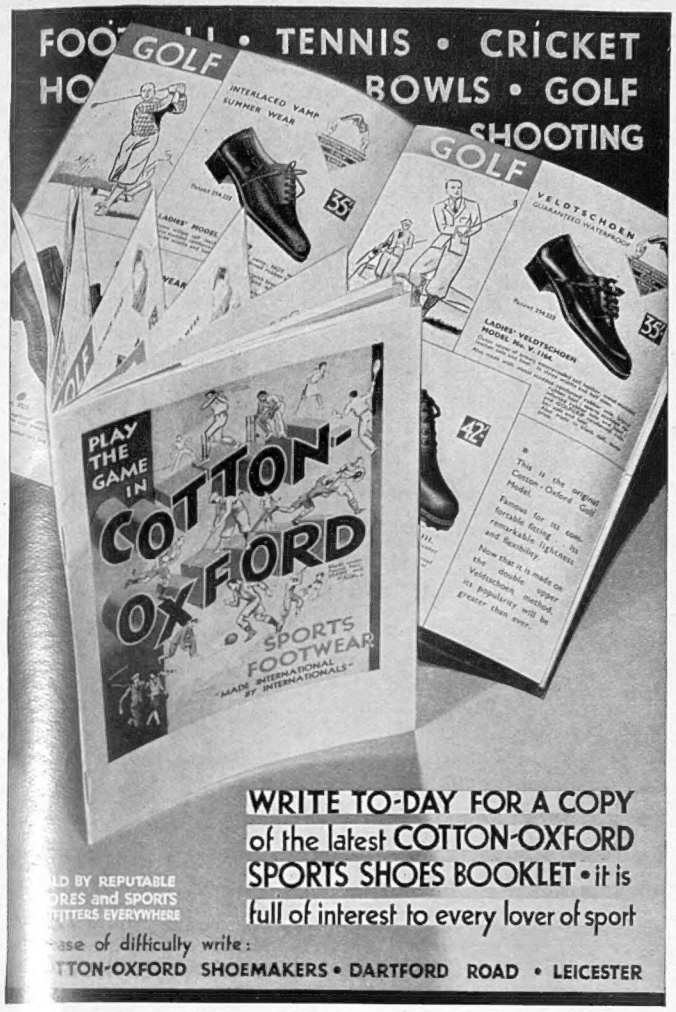

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Cervantes could remain idle no longer. He left his bed. His comrades besought him to rest. Even Francisco San Pietro, the commander of his ship, ordered him to keep under shelter. But his fiery spirit cared nought for orders and less for advice. He buckled on his armour. . . .

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OUR LITERARY COMPETITION CIRCLE.

In the APRIL

". . . There's nothing new in this stuff," Wassermann interrupted.

" It'll be new enough presently," Lakry answered; and went on: " With his observer dead Lak has only himself to consider. He climbs back into the fight. He is shot at right and left, but gradually manœuvres his plane above the red Albatros, who is driving down another Bristol. Lak is not firing: the German ace knows he can't. Securing his position Lak dives straight down on the Albatros. Its pilot treats this as bluff. He does not believe the lamed Bristol intends anything so suicidal as a ram. Lak's machine strikes his wing, breaking it off. The Albatros goes down like a shot pheasant. Lak spirals after it out of control. FADE IN a section of enemy lines.

We see the Albatros a blazing ruin. Lak's plane is near it, wrecked but not destroyed. We see Lak is badly hurt, but conscious. German soldiers haul him out and carry him away on a stretcher."

" But, darn it, this is a war story," Wassermann protested. " Who the hell cares—— "

" It is not a war story," Lakry corrected. " It is Part I of a peace story."

" . . . I get you now, Mr. Hounslow," Wassermann grinned. " This is not one of your advance stories. It's an author's hard-luck tale—and it ain't got a tail."

" You are wrong," said Lakry. " It has a tail with a twist that'll . . . "

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